The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV SEPTEMBER, 1937 No. 9

PROF M WILFORD POULSON
PROVO UTAH
BOX NO 1ST E

Between **Summer** *and* **Winter...**

HERE'S WHAT YOUR CAR NEEDS

Pep 88 gasoline in autumn formula, climate-controlled for maximum performance during cool nights and warm days! **Vico motor oil** in the correct grade for your engine in this season! **Specialized Lubrication**—not just a greasing—with proper lubricants for safety and economy!

VICO MOTOR OIL PEP 88 GASOLINE

Drive in where you see the Pep 88—Vico sign.

Stations Everywhere in Utah and Idaho

YOU TOO MAY BUILD FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE SAFELY

Chartered and Supervised by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

FOR 31 YEARS WE HAVE PAID REGULAR DIVIDENDS

INVEST 50c to $100.00 Monthly

Our Shares have a fixed value of 100 Cents on the Dollar and do not decline in value being FULLY INSURED up to $5000.00 by a FEDERAL AGENCY

Deseret Federal Savings and Loan Ass'n

44 South Main Street
Nephi L. Morris, President

Salt Lake City, Utah
Joseph E. Kjar, Secretary

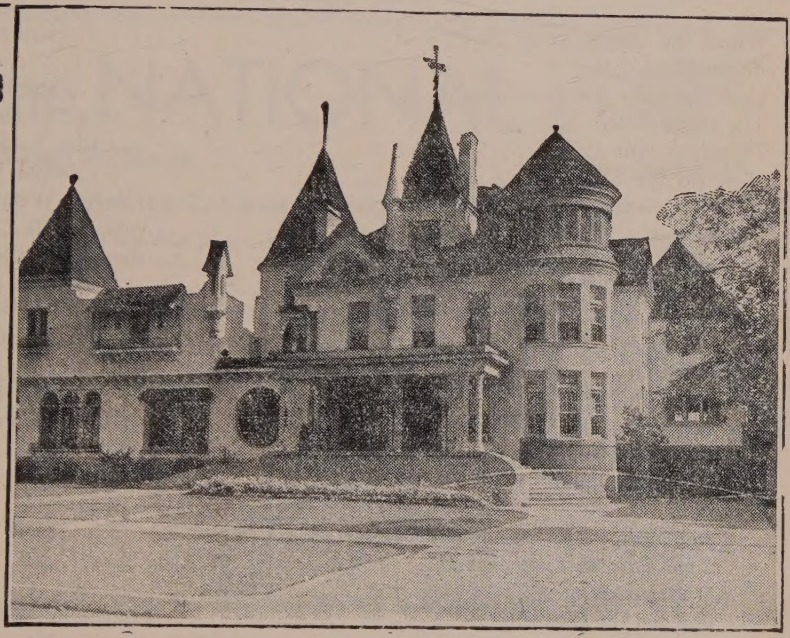
IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT!

Such expressions from women who are over-worked, who can't stand warm weather or who find their means running a little low. We believe you can correct all these ailments by shopping earlier with us while the day is cool and by making early selections of fresh fruits, vegetables, lunch meats and other perishables—Send "Hubby" once in a while and let him see the fine bargains we have for your family then you will be wishing you had more time to eat.

O. P. SKAGGS
FOOD Efficient Service System STORES
"A Surety of Purity"

Service Above All

SALT LAKE
PROVO
OGDEN
PRICE
PAYSON
MANTI



DESERET MORTUARY COMPANY

Complete Line . . . Meats Delicatessen

CRYSTAL PALACE Markets
HOME OWNED HOME OPERATED

Fruits Vegetables Bakery And Party Suggestions

1st South at 3rd East—17th South at 5th East
South Temple at 2nd East
Home of . . .
"Famous Laddie Boy Bread and Danish Pastry"

"We Feature" Utah Grown—Utah Packed Food Products

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIV SEPTEMBER, 1937 No. 9

CONTENTS

Where the Virgin River Flows ..... Lydia Hall 549
Frontispiece 551
Utah Becomes Art Conscious ..... Ruth Grant 552
The Lotus Eater ..... Mabel S. Harmer 554
The Next Hill ..... Ella J. Coulam 555
How Do We Know? ..... Nephi Jensen 558
Pioneer Woman ..... Myrtle Wentworth 561
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 563
Creator of Opportunities ..... La Rene King Bleecker 564
The Fool Hath Said There Is No God ..... Miriam C. Bitner 565
Sold For Taxes ..... Pearl W. Peterson 568
Little Moments of Eternity ..... Lella Marler Hoggan 572
Needle Point ..... Nettie K. Miller 577
An Interesting Shut In ..... Annaleone Davis Patton 581
The Institute at the University of Wyoming ..... Lorene Pearson 587
To the Daughter of a Pioneer ..... Claire Stewart Boyer 589
Notes from the Field ..... Julia A. F. Lund 590
Editorials:
Happiness 594
Some Helpful Suggestions 596
Lesson Department 597
The Boy and the Cigarette ..... Francis W. Kirkham 616

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 980

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918.

Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

"Everything to Furnish the Home"
THE GREATEST VARIETY AND LARGEST STOCK OF
Living Room, Dining Room and Bedroom Furniture
in the Intermountain
400 Suites to Choose From

Granite Furniture Co.

Out of the High Rent District
The Home of THE ROUND OAK RANGE AND AMERICAN BEAUTY WASHER
Quality and Service Come First—We Deliver Everywhere
MURRAY SUGAR HOUSE PARK CITY

The NATIONAL CLEANERS & DYERS

224 East 5th South Wasatch 1635

Are the Children's Clothes Ready for School?

The new manager is an active Relief Society teacher. She will appreciate your business

Special attention given to mail orders and out of town patrons

Brigham Young University

Strong Character is The Rock To Build On

Brigham Young University is not content to provide standard college training. The institution also strives in all ways to help give the life of each student a foundation of strong, high character.

Because the keystone of character is a vigorous spirituality, B. Y. U. seeks to develop this quality; the vision to see the finer and higher things, and the will to help mankind achieve them.

TRAINING FOR SCORES OF OCCUPATIONS:
Five Colleges Thirty-five Departments
Sixteen Hundred Courses

REGISTRATION: September 24, 25, 27

Brigham Young University

PROVO, UTAH

FOR YOUR CHILD

You want the best of everything for your child. One of the best of all foods is

FISHER'S VITAMIN D BREAD

Product of
AMERICAN LADY BAKING CO.
The Big Home-Owned Bakery

Headquarters

FOR

BOOKS

of every description

GIFTS
for every occasion

GREETING CARDS
for every memorable day

"More books in the home"

DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

"FOUR WAYS BETTER"

BE SURE YOU RECEIVE THE ONE AND ONLY GENUINE

UTAH

JESSE KNIGHT'S SPRING CANYON COAL

1—Starts Quicker. 2—Burns Longer. 3—Less Soot. 4—Less Ash

"ASK YOUR DEALER"

Deafened? Hard of Hearing?

Let ACOUSTICON restore you to normal hearing and enjoy CHURCH ACTIVITIES, and family relations as others do. ACOUSTICON, World's finest Hearing Aids. The result of 35 years of Scientific research. Free test and demonstration given by trained Consultants.

Acousticon Institute of Salt Lake City

202 Brooks Arcade Building Telephone Wasatch 7004

GET THE GENUINE ACOUSTICON AND HEAR

Where the Virgin River Flows

By Lydia Hall

There's a land in Southern Utah
I will always love the best,
Where the sunlight and the moonlight
Gild the hills with loveliness,
Where the regal, tall, white yucca
And the sego lily grows
Down in Utah's dear old Dixie
Where the Virgin river flows.

Land of rainbow colored canyons,
Valleys glorious and grand,
Land of sunshine and of cactus,
Purple sage and desert sand,
Where the mocking bird is singing
When the Summer morning glows
Down in Utah's dear old Dixie
Where the Virgin river flows.

Dixie, homeland of my fathers,
I would live forever here
Where the brightest stars are gleaming
And the skies are blue and clear;
Here is peace and here is beauty,
Here man can forget his woes,
Here I find my earthly Heaven
Where the Virgin river flows.

CACTUS

Photo by W. D. Green

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIV SEPTEMBER, 1937 No. 9

Utah Becomes Art Conscious

By Ruth Grant

BRIGHAM YOUNG once said, "If I were placed upon a cannibal island and given the task of civilizing its inhabitants, I would straightway build a theatre." He might just as easily have said, "A music hall or an art gallery," for he realized fully that the highest type of civilization finds expression in such fruits of the fine arts as come from an appreciation of the best in drama, literature, music and painting.

The people of Utah are "art conscious" to rather a high degree—and they should be. Perhaps they should be much more than they are considering their heritage from the past and the inspiration which should come from such beautiful surroundings.

FROM the very first day that the pioneers entered the valley and gazed upon the gray and purple of its sagebrush stretches they were taught that, "Man does not live by bread alone," although, at that time, the struggle for bread was enough to test the mettle of the most valiant of the band. In spite of all hardships, the leader insisted that the seeking after the artistic and spiritual things of life must be a daily part of the lives of these strugglers.

Two brass bands were included in the first companies to leave Illinois on the westward trek and, no matter how footsore and weary the people might be after trudging all day over the trackless plains, the evenings were spent in song and dance around the campfire, providing conditions were at all favorable. Thus was implanted in their hearts, along with the need for the preservation of the body, a desire for the expression of the soul.

The missionary system of the Church also played an important part in laying a foundation for artistic effort and appreciation among its people by bringing as converts splendid artists in various lines from all parts of the world. By this means from Australia came Ridges, the organ builder; from Wales, Giles, the blind harpist, and from other countries the painters Weggeland, Ottinger and Hafen.

Utah drew these artists here because her rugged barriers constituted a haven of refuge from religious intolerance and then, having brought them here, offered for their inspiration scenery with beauty unparalleled in the entire world. Gigantic canyons with granite rocks and ledges topped by green pines,

mountains whose color and imagery defy exaggeration, deserts that are brilliant and harsh in the noonday sun or soft and hazy in the mauve of evening and sunsets that are miracles of beauty. Every road leads to a new vista of loveliness. Every hour of the day changes the mood of the landscape with a turn of nature's kaleidoscope.

AND what have the people of the state done to carry on the splendid work begun by those pioneer artists? What use have they made of the magnificent natural beauties which surround them? Many have worked energetically to keep art on the pinnacle it deserves and to enable others to experience the joy and satisfaction that has come to them.

As far back as 1892 a group of early Utah artists organized the first society in the territory for the stimulation of art, under the name of the "Society of Utah Artists." These pioneers in the field of art appreciation included J. Will Clawson, Edwin Evans, John Hafen, J. T. Harwood, Lorus Pratt, J. B. Fairbanks and Herman Hagg. They put on an exhibition once a year, in any available building, and as it was during the depression days of Grover Cleveland's administration there were many empty buildings. Through their efforts, they made very definite progress towards first making Salt Lake City "art conscious." Their organization continued active until 1899 when it was, in a measure, supplanted by the Utah Art Institute.

WHEN Utah became a state in 1896, one of the first acts of the new legislature was the creation of the Utah Art Institute for the furtherance of art, making Utah the first state in the union to enact such a measure. At times the biennial appropriation has been as high as $2000 to carry on the purposes of the institute, while at other times, a legislature more interested in other matters has made the appropriation much lower.

One of the outstanding results of this measure was the creation of the permanent collection of the works of Utah artists which is housed in the State Capitol and named the "Alice Art Collection" in honor of Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne.

A great deal of credit must be given to Mrs. Horne for her work in the advancement of art in the state, both from the standpoint of what she has done to assist individual artists and what she has done to enhance the appreciation of art on the part of the public generally. She fought for years to gain adequate appropriation from the various state legislatures and has sponsored countless exhibitions throughout the state. She has also given valuable assistance to schools that were beginning their permanent collections.

THE community which has done most for the furtherance of art is the city of Springville. The results of its efforts are outstanding, not only in Utah, but in the entire country. Each year the exhibit draws the works of famous artists throughout the nation and during one month people come from all over the state to view the splendid collection. A common question during April is, "Have you seen the Springville exhibition yet?" and if one must answer in the negative, he hastens to add, "But I'm going to."

The idea had its origin because Springville was the home of the great artist, John Hafen and the noted sculptor, Cyrus Dallin. Not many miles away were born two other fine artists, Edwin Evans and J. T. Harwood.

The exhibit has been under the direct sponsorship of the High School but almost every member of the community, young and old, does his bit to cooperate in this splendid project. Otherwise, such wonderful success could not have been achieved. One class makes it a yearly practice to buy one of the pictures on exhibition. The purchase fund must be made up throughout the year nickel by nickel. There is a candy sale one week, a dance or play the next, until by one means or another, the nickels grow into enough dollars to buy a beautiful painting for the permanent collection of the school.

The exhibition now has an added interest because of the fine new art gallery that has recently been erected to house the pictures. The building, which was made possible partly through government funds, is architecturally a fitting background for the treasures it will hold. The national exhibition can now, for the first time, be displayed to the best advantage and, in addition, there will be a space for the school's permanent collection to be on display during the national exhibition, which has not been possible before.

OTHER schools throughout the state, perhaps following the splendid example set by the Springville school, are working hard to acquire a creditable gallery of paintings. Two such are the North Cache High School, whose gallery has been named for Miss Florence Ware and the South Cache who have named theirs in honor of Lawrence Squires, a young artist of great promise who died a few years ago.

NOTEWORTHY among recent efforts to make the people of the state art conscious, has been the building of the Art Barn. Here in a charming setting on the east bench of Salt Lake City is the tasteful building made possible through the earnest efforts of Mrs. John Jensen and others. New exhibits are hung every few weeks and the lover of art is welcome to go to the Art Barn at any time and enjoy the beautiful paintings. Other phases of the fine arts also are promoted by groups who meet there to study music, drama or creative writing.

WITH the Federal sponsorship of art through the W. P. A., which has been carried on in this state under the efficient direction of Miss Judy Lund, a new era has opened up for artists and art lovers which should have far reaching results. Upwards of $50,000 has been spent within the past few years and 36 artists have been employed in worthwhile artistic projects. Among the noteworthy accomplishments of these artists were the painting of the beautiful murals at the State Capitol and at the veteran's hospital.

With the heritage of the inspiration of the pioneers, the support of nation and state, and the matchless scenery within our boundaries, the future of art in Utah should be a brilliant one.

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

CHAPTER IV

BEFORE Helen had been at the ranch house a week she had put the new curtains up at all of the windows with a wonderfully cheering effect. She had polished furniture and scrubbed floors and woodwork until Dan had begged her to desist. Finally he had hired a woman from Medford to come in and scrub until Helen was entirely satisfied.

"Now I must have gallons of paint," she announced. "The kitchen is to be a lovely shade of blue with coral trimmings. We will do our bedroom in orchid and—"

"Who is going to spread all these gallons of paint around?" interrupted Dan amused.

"Why I am, of course. I love to paint. And couldn't you do the outside of the house or have someone else do it? It looks so terribly weatherbeaten."

"Well—I guess I could," answered Dan dubiously. "But it looks as good as the other houses in the valley, doesn't it?"

"It does—but it doesn't look good enough. Won't you try, dear?" she asked, perching herself on an arm of his chair and rumpling his dark hair.

"I'll do all I can," Dan promised, "but paint is mighty expensive, you know, and I don't have any spare time in the summer with all the stock to be looked after."

Helen had to be satisfied with this much encouragement and as soon as she could get the paint she started vigorously to work upon the interior of the house.

SHE longed for a garden and gathered a few slips of flowers from friends in Medford but she discovered that growing a garden in this climate where frost was likely to strike at any time during the summer was a very discouraging affair. She thought enviously of the garden in her home in California where roses bloomed all the year around with almost no effort on the part of the gardener.

IN spite of all her efforts to make the kitchen attractive it remained exactly the opposite of her dream of what a bride's kitchen should look like. The ugly black kitchen range and the washstand were her special antipathies. She polished the stove until it shone but it was still a monstrosity in her eyes, that blackened everything that came within reach.

She had painted the washstand a gay coral and hung her pretty embroidered towels above it but it simply didn't belong, and the tin wash basin and Dan's inevitably half soiled towel hanging about were a constant eyesore.

Dan was highly amused when she insisted upon dragging the round washtub into the kitchen every day for a bath, but she had her own turn at inward amusement and gratification when she noticed him picking up many of her habits of personal cleanliness and daintiness.

IN spite of the inconveniences of her home and the loneliness of ranch life Helen was very happy. There was a thrill in making her home as nice as she could. She had her music and would play on her

violin, sometimes by the hour and best of all she and Dan had their love for one another which was more tender and sweet even than Helen had dreamed. Dan was utterly devoted to her and when she sat out on their tiny porch of a summer evening with her head on Dan's shoulder and gazed over the soft green meadows of the valley, she felt a contentment and happiness such as she had never before experienced.

IT was Dan's suggestion that they give a party in their "new" home. He was not particularly fond of parties but he was dreadfully afraid that Helen would become lonesome. "We'll invite the gang in and show them what a pretty wife and a nifty house looks like," he said, beaming at Helen with pride.

"Oh, I'd love it, Dan," cried Helen, her eyes shining. "It will give me a chance to use the best linen cloth I bought in Omaha and the silver candlesticks that Aunt Margie sent and Nina's crystal goblets.

"Gosh, honey!" protested Dan, "do we have to put on a lot of swank? Can't we just let the crowd come and have a gay time?"

"They can sit down to a decently set table and still have a good time, can't they?" asked Helen a bit coolly. "I thought that you wanted my friends to see my nice things."

"Well I do, of course," answered Dan rather dubiously, "only—well, go ahead, it's your party and you have it the way you want it."

Helen set to work with a vim preparing for her party. She sent away for rose-colored candlesticks to match the goblets and managed to cut enough blossoms and leaves from her geraniums for a centerpiece. When the table was set with the gleaming new silver, the handsome linen cloth and the pretty glass and chinaware that had come as wedding presents, it was the loveliest that she had seen in years. She had made nut cups from rose crepe paper and painted dainty little place cards by hand.

Dan had stayed at home all day to help prepare the dinner and had worked valiantly at paring potatoes, beating egg whites and anything else that needed a strong right arm and a willing hand. He wished like everything that Helen had been content to have a "plain spread" but her joy in her pretty new things was so great that he didn't have the heart to spoil her fun.

Helen wore her blue wedding dress and looked prettier than ever with her cheeks flushed rosy with pleasure and excitement. The guests were all friends of Dan's, some of whom Helen knew only slightly but she hoped that after tonight they would be her friends also and would be the means of opening up some kind of social life for them.

The ten guests they had invited arrived in their cars by twos or fours and Helen took them first to her bedroom to remove their wraps. They were gay enough when they first arrived but the minute they entered the front room where the table had been set up, a damper seemed to fall upon their spirits and they sat around the room and gazed at the formally set table with distinctly antagonistic eyes.

One of Dan's particular friends, Jim Lawson, had had trouble with his car on the way out and asked to be allowed to wash his hands. Dan had taken him to the kitchen and Helen stepped inside the door in time to hear him say as Dan handed him an embroidered guest towel, "Oh, my deah, how fawncy." Both men flushed hotly when they turned and saw her there and the incident served to make all three of them

still more uncomfortable for the evening.

Dan helped Helen serve the dinner and between them they tried to keep the conversation going but it lagged painfully in spite of their best efforts. The games that Helen had prepared for their enjoyment after the dinner were no more of a success and the last guest had departed at an hour that was still early. Helen flung herself down on the couch and burst into tears.

"I'm awfully sorry, honey," said Dan gathering her into his arms. "They didn't mean to hurt you. It's just that they didn't understand."

"Didn't understand what?" sobbed Helen indignantly.

"They think that because you are from the city and are educated that you are trying to show off."

"Show off!" repeated Helen scornfully. Does that mean that we have to use a red checkered tablecloth and old dishes when we have company?"

"We might have a better time if we did," said Dan with a half smile. "But never you mind, when they know you better they won't be afraid of your fancy do-dads and in the meantime we'll go sassiety and use them ourselves."

It was a long time before Helen forgot the disappointment and chagrin caused by the failure of her dinner party but gradually she came to be accepted among the "married crowd" and to join in with them at house parties or church socials.

For some queer reason there was a sharp dividing line in the community between the "young folks" and the "married folks" and the crowd that Helen and Dan had gone around with the year before had dropped them completely. They were definitely relegated to the older group.

THE winter's snow came to stay before Thanksgiving Day and shortly after that Helen knew that she was going to have a child. Her first feeling was one of fear at the unknown path that she was to tread but it gradually gave way to joy as she became more reassured. There had been a good many other thousands of babies born, she decided and her experience probably wouldn't be greatly different from the others.

It would be glorious to have a pink cuddly baby in the house to love and play with. She was sure that after the baby came she would never again be lonely.

In the meantime during the long winter months she became terribly lonely. There were days at a time when Dan had to be away from home taking supplies out to the men who were taking care of the sheep or taking a carload of cattle to Omaha.

Sometimes Dan's younger sister stayed with her but this necessitated such a long drive for the girl to and from school that more often Helen was forced to stay alone. During the day she did not mind so much, but at night when the howls of the wind were mingled with those of the coyotes she shivered close to the fire in near terror.

Dan's attitude toward the coming of the baby had amazed her. He was not at all filled with the joy of parenthood as she supposed all prospective fathers should be but was entirely concerned with her own safety and well-being. At times he even offered dire threats against "the judge" as he had already christened the baby, should the mother's comfort be too greatly disturbed.

They had decided to go to Dan's sister's home in Riverton two weeks before the expected arrival so that they would be close to the only hospital in the valley, but before they

had even reached the town, Helen found that her long period of waiting was over and they drove directly to the hospital.

"We'll have a room ready for your wife in a few minutes," said the nurse in a most matter of fact tone," and Dr. Ward will be in this evening."

"This evening!" gasped Dan. "But my wife is sick. We want him right now."

The nurse smiled back agreeably as she said, "But he is out of town and won't be back until evening. You needn't worry anyway. There is always plenty of time with the first one."

Some hours later the Doctor arrived at the hospital and called first upon Helen and then came down to where Dan was alternately pacing the floor and squirming about on a squeaky chair in the small waiting room. "Not a thing to worry about," he announced in the same happy manner that the nurse had used. "Your wife is doing very nicely. Here is the *Cheyenne Daily,*" he continued, handing Dan a paper. "Did you see where the Braves won their third straight today?"

Dan glared first at the Doctor and then at the paper as he thrust the latter out of sight.

The Doctor looked at him and then chuckled. "Take it easy, young fellow," he said as he left to go upstairs again, "I never lost a father yet."

Towards morning Dan crept into Helen's room where she lay white but serene on her pillow.

"Are you all right, honey?" he asked in shaken tones.

She reached out her hand toward him and managed a feeble smile. "I'm all right," she said. "They're dressing the baby. They'll bring him here in a minute."

Dan turned as the nurse entered with a small bundle wrapped in a fluffy blue blanket. "Here he is," she said triumphantly, "Isn't he a fine boy?"

Dan gazed awe-struck while the baby moved a tiny clenched fist. Then he visibly expanded and a broad grin covered his face. "I'll tell the world he's a fine boy," he said in a voice which left no doubt of his conviction.

(To be Continued)

THE NEXT HILL

By Ella J. Coulam

I go in search of Autumn leaves
All crimson, mauve, and gold;
I climb the little winding trail
More beauty to behold.
Each turn reveals more splendor,
As on and on I go,
For always over the next hill
The choicest leaves will grow.

How Do We Know?

By Nephi Jensen

IN the fifties and sixties of the Nineteenth Century one of the popular subjects of discussion among the intelligentia was the question of spontaneous generation of life. Does life originate in lifeless substance? Does life come from the lifeless? For several decades these interesting questions challenged the thought of profound thinkers and eminent scholars.

Surface indications seemed to favor the advocates of spontaneous generation. On every hand it was observed that worms, maggots, and flies came into life in multitudinous swarms, in decaying vegetables and fruits and in decaying flesh. Whence came these multiforms of living things? From lifeless substance, said the adherents of the theory that life comes from the non-living.

FOR a time practically all scientists fell in with this view. About this time there was living in France a young ambitious scientist who was destined to immortal fame. He was inclined to question the theory of spontaneous generation. His name is Pasteur. He commenced to surmise that the maggots that suddenly commenced to develop in decaying flesh might be the result of germinal life coming into contact with the decomposing flesh. At that time nothing was known of micro-organisms. Pasteur's faint surmise led him to make some very simple experiments. For example, he placed pieces of meat in a jar and covered the opening with closely knit gauze. He observed that no animal life developed inside the jar; but that lusty wiggling things appeared outside of the gauze. The conclusion was forced upon the young experimenter that there must be infinitesimal life germs floating about in the air; and that it was because these microbes come into contact with substance in which they can breed, that new visible life forms result.

Through long tedious persistent and industrious years he continued his indefatigable experiments. In time he discovered the bacteriological theory of disease, which gave rise to the great modern science of medicine, and antiseptic surgery. And the man who wrought so splendidly with the marvelous tools of experimentation came to be called "The most perfect man to enter the Kingdom of Science."

The appellation is hardly exaggerated. The story of Pasteur's successful experiments and investigations furnishes one of the noblest chapters in the history of the modern scientific method, which has flooded our world with the glory of light and truth.

IN recent decades science has made it possible for us to make everything from a pin to a telescope lense that can penetrate the depths of infinite space; and equipped us with deft instruments with which we weigh, measure, gauge, dissect, and analyze everything from a human impulse to the largest star that swirls through space at inconceivable rates of speed.

The inerrancy of the scientific method, and its astounding accomplishments in recent years, have had a marked tendency to cause us to look with disdain upon other methods of ascertaining truth. The measuring devices of science, in the field of mechanics and technology, have become so accurate that we are commencing to insist upon gauging all truth with the yardstick of the scientific technician.

If we follow this tendency too far we are apt to close our eyes to vast areas of truth; and fail to learn some of the vital principles that exalt and ennoble life.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the great English physicist, is one of a number of eminent scientists who recognize the danger in this tendency to measure all truth with the yardstick of physical science. In his most interesting book, *Reason and Belief,* he gives an apt illustration of the errors that result from a purely critical appraisal of all human knowledge. He quotes the beautiful description of dawn which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Romeo:

> "Night's candles are burned out and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Dr. Lodge observes that this is a rare bit of poetic truth. And then he very pointedly says that as a "scientific statement it is nonsense." And so it is. Night has no candles that can burn out. The moon and stars that give light by night are inextinguishable. Moreover, "jocund day" has no feet or toes. Consequently it cannot stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

And yet, notwithstanding the fact that this scrap of poetic fancy from the immortal bard is "scientific nonsense," it is, nevertheless, profoundly true as a piece of art. By his unparalleled genius Shakespeare has made the mere abstraction "day" fairly live, move, and breathe.

NO thinking person would recommend that we should lay aside the test tube, the crucible, or the tools of the technologist. But sound wisdom would suggest that we do not forget that there are vital truths, whose significance and importance cannot be discovered in the scientific laboratory.

The philosophical way of arriving at truth is older than the scientific method. The philosopher's process of determining what is truth may not be as accurate as the scientific method, but it is the only method that is workable in some realms of truth-seeking.

We can learn some truth as the scientist does, by technical experimentation; and we can also learn some truth as the philosopher does, by profound meditation in the light of the sum total of truth.

Some six hundred years before Jesus wrought and taught in Galilee, Confucius, a Chinese philosopher, attempted to crystalize into one sentence all the rules governing human relationships. His consolidated code of morals is embodied in his well-known version of the Golden Rule. "Whatsoever ye would not that others do to you, do not to them." Suppose we were confronted with the problem of determining whether or not this noble concept is truth; what measuring devices would we use?

If we answer this question correctly we shall be compelled to conclude that there are fields of truth seeking in which the yardstick of science cannot aid us. We

cannot determine the soundness of the conclusion of the Chinese philosopher by measuring, weighing, dissecting, or analyzing it. We are compelled to resort to synthesis. We are forced to consider it in its relationship to the sum total of moral truth in all of its manifold relationships. Or, in other words, we are compelled to philosophize—fit truth into truth and make a unified system.

But there are many things we learn in ways that are even simpler than either the method of the strict philosopher or the technical scientist. And these more direct means of learning often yield absolute certainty.

"I am as certain of what I am saying as I am that two and two make four," says the man on the street. All of us have heard this explanation of the certainty of knowledge. Few of us have ever thought of calling it into question. And yet, as a matter of fact, there are many things about which we are more sure than the sum of two plus two.

Two is only a mental concept. So is four. Mere concepts, disassociated with actual experience, do not necessarily constitute absolute knowledge. But you touch a hot stove. Your hand is blistered. You conclude that heat gives pain and destroys your skin. Here you have an actual experience plus a concept. In fact, you have an experienced concept. An experience, if real, correctly interpreted is absolute knowledge.

Take another illustration. You walk into the garden in the early morning. The sunlight is turning the dewdrops in the hearts of the roses to pearls. You have a sensation of refined delight. You feel an actual exaltation of mind. You conclude that the beautiful is that which gladdens and ennobles the mind. Here again you have an experience, and you translate that experience into a concept. This experienced concept is perfect knowledge.

But we do not arrive at our knowledge of the meaning of the beautiful by the technical scientific method. In science we discover data, collate it, analyze it, and make deductions. But our sensation of the beautiful is immediate. We feel it rather than arrive at it by logical processes. It was this elementary idea that led John Burroughs to say, "We do not know a work of art in the same way that we know a work of science or a product of analytical reasoning; we know it as we know those we are in sympathy with; it does not define itself to our intellect; it melts into our souls."

A great many of the things we know and prize most highly, we know as we know "those we are in sympathy with." A frequented garden nook, an oft-seen landscape, a familiar poem, a cherished story are all things we know sympathetically.

Although we rigorously insist on utilizing the accurate measuring devices of science in the field of mechanics and technology, yet if we are wise we shall not look with disdain upon the knowledge the artist acquires by his sensitive sympathetic touch with the beautiful.

IF we would not want to reject appreciation of the beautiful as a means of knowledge, what shall we say of the mystic's claimed contact with the unseen world?

The mention of the mystic is apt to provoke a smile and the elevation of the eyebrows of those who insist rigorously upon see-

ing, handling, weighing and measuring all truth with strictly scientific instruments. But even in the ranks of those who spend almost all their time with the measuring devices of physical science are found men whose penetrating insight compels them to respect the mystic's source of knowledge. Dr. Arthur Stanley Eddington, the internationally known astronomer, quotes Dr. J. S. Hoyland as saying:

"There is an hour in the Indian night, a little before the first glimmer of dawn, when the stars are unbelievably clear and close above, shining with a radiance beyond our belief in this foggy land. The trees stand silent, alive, listening, eager. At such a moment the veil between the things that are seen and the things that are unseen becomes so thin as to interpose scarcely any barrier at all between the eternal beauty and truth and the soul which would comprehend them."

Commenting upon this experience of Dr. Hoyland, Dr. Eddington remarks:

"Here is an experience which the observer as technically defined in scientific theory knows nothing of. The measuring appliances which he reads declare that the stars are just as remote as they always have been, nor can he find any excuse in his measures for the mystic thought which has taken possession of the mind and dominated the sense-impressions. Yet who does not prize these moments that reveal to us the poetry of existence?"

Then he adds:

"We cannot argue that because natural mysticism is universally admitted in some degree therefore religious mysticism must be admitted; but objections to religious mysticism lose their force if they can equally be turned against natural mysticism."

The mystic's claimed contact with the unseen is close to what prohets call inspiration. The greatest soul that ever trod this globe and all His purest followers have believed that there is a spirit of light and truth that radiates out from God, like the waves from the radio transmission instrument; and that when human souls are pure this spirit registers definite intelligible impressions upon their spirits, very much like the light that strikes the delicate photographic plate. All these great souls have believed with Tennyson that

"Spirit with spirit can meet."

A modern classical example of "spirit with spirit" contact with the unseen is furnished by the story of the manner in which Lorenzo Snow attained certain knowledge of the divinity of the religion to which he gave the full measure of his life's devotion. After his baptism he was profoundly stirred with a desire to learn from a divine source whether his newly espoused religion was true. In a simple autobiographical sketch, he tells us that he sought in earnest prayer for a divine testimony of the truth; and that while he prayed the Spirit of God completely enveloped him and filled him from head to foot with light, life, and unspeakable joy and glory. All darkness left him; and he felt the presence of "refulgent light and knowledge."

Why should we doubt this inspiring testimony? Hundreds of thousands of devout members of the church most solemnly testify that the Spirit of Truth has given them more than human certainty of God's power and goodness. The

imperishable testimonies of this host of witnesses is the enduring strength and spiritual glory of the church of God.

The profound spiritual awakening that came to Lorenzo Snow is the deepest and most vital experience that comes to a human soul in this world. He was "quickened in the inner man." He was "awakened" to the reality of God and His power and goodness. He received the abundant life—the inexhaustible life of God.

The Prophet Moroni tells us that we can "know the truth of all things" by the "Power of the Holy Ghost." This homely text holds a profound meaning. The words literally mean that we may be made alive to all truth by the intensifying and quickening power of the Holy Ghost. In other words, the Holy Spirit purifies and intensifies our consciousness or feelings, and multiplies our power to know the truth.

One who has been awakened by the quickening power of the Spirit has been born of the Spirit. He has become spiritual, He has attained the highest aspect of culture—joyous, exalting, and glorifying spirituality.

All the finest souls of all time have earnestly sought this spiritual quickening through which man comes into actual contact with God—the ultimate reality—and feels the infinite joy of fellowship with Him, through which comes "the peace that passeth all understanding."

PIONEER WOMAN

By Myrtle Wentworth

She walks by the side of the lumbering train
Over the rough, unfriendly plain,
While the wagon wheels, less patient than she,
Creak and grumble complainingly.

She learns from the scars along the way
How the hostile plain exacts its pay;
Scattered remnants of bleaching bones,
Or a lonely grave with its marker of stones.

At night by the campfire's dying glow
She watches the pale moon hanging low
And a far-away smile illumines her face
As if her soul dwelt apart from this barren place.

Does she dream of that home left far behind,
Where the evening breezes were gentle and kind,
Where gayly frocked hollyhocks fringed the lawn,
And sweet-throated birds called forth the dawn?

No, she visions a place in the distant West
Where her weary feet will at length find rest;
Where she can kneel on a virgin sod
And hold blessed communion in peace with God.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SEPTEMBER — The Lord's command, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is a blessing, not a punishment.

MRS. ALICE SALOMON, sociologist and foremost woman of Germany, has been expelled from her native land because of Jewish ancestry though she is a devout Christian. Dr. Salomon, prominently associated with the International Council of Women, was greatly admired by the American women.

MRS. LOUISE Y. ROBISON, general president of the Relief Society, made an extended and official visit to the Hawaiian Islands this summer.

DR. ARABELLA REYNOLDS died, recently, at the ripe age of 97. She was one of the very few women of the Civil War with a commission. She received the rank of Major, for her heroism at the battle of Shilo.

MARIA ELETTRA ELENA, age 7, daughter of Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, is heiress to her father's fortune estimated at $25,000,000.

NATALIE PIXTON, 18, has been appointed personnel officer of the Army Amateur Radio System for Utah. She is the youngest operator in the Ninth Corps Area.

MARGARET M. HANNA has recently been appointed U. S. Consul at Geneva. The State Department is gradually recognizing the service of women.

ALICE E. ROWE, honored and beloved school teacher in Utah, for 46 years, died last July.

DR. MARY E. WOOLLEY has retired from the presidency of Mt. Holyoke College after a period of 37 years. She has plans for broader activity in other fields and says, "Why shouldn't one start life at 74 as well as 40?"

ELEANOR PATTERSON, long-time editor of the "Washington Herald," a Hearst paper, has now leased both the "Herald" and the "Times" and proposes to run them independently. She is certainly a courageous woman.

MARY JONES CLAWSON, who died last July, was a woman of many graces. She was patriotic, literary and socially inclined—a true and talented daughter of the pioneers.

MRS. EARLINE WHITE, national president of the Business and Professional Woman's League, is sponsoring, through her organization, legislation for strict equality for women, especially in regard to hours-and-wage laws for women workers.

FRANCIS PARKINSON KEYES, newspaper correspondent and author in her new book "Washington Kaleidoscope" is very frank in her description of Washington people, officially and socially. Nevertheless the book has a fascinating expectancy and keeps one wondering who will be the next target for her brilliant shots.

Creator of Opportunities

BLANCHE KENDALL MCKEY

By LaRene King Bleecker

SELECTIVITY is a rare gift. Few of us have it. Those who do, achieve really remarkable success. They become the *doers* instead of the *dreamers*.

Utah's well-known writer, Blanche Kendall McKey, has this rare gift of selectivity. She is able to appraise the worth while things of life. With the weapons of indomitable courage and a keen sense of humor, she has parried adversity and made of life a joyous adventure. In her scheme of living there are no dull moments, no sighing for things that might have been; no squandered time.

MRS. McKEY'S life story is like an appealing book, its chapters teeming with human interest. In reviewing it, one wonders how so much vivid drama could be packed into one life. She has tasted the elixir of success before the footlights; heard the plaudits of admiring fans; associated with the great ones of the stage; she has known the ecstasy of a great love and the bitter grief of tragedy.

Poet, play-wright, actress, wife, mother, teacher—she has yet found time to teach, encourage and advise young people, to be a good friend and neighbor, to produce and direct plays and pageants, to travel, to take part in church activities, and to study constantly at home and beyond her state.

HER output of poems, plays and articles is prolific, in view of the fact that she writes only in her spare time. Approximately nine hours of every week-day is taken up with teaching English in the Ogden High School. Yet during the past year alone, her poems and articles have appeared in three national anthologies, in several magazines in the South and West, in *The Improvement Era,* and in *The Relief Society Magazine.* She won the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest for 1935 with her beautiful sonnet, "Autumn," and a cash prize in New York from the Avon House Publishers for two short lyrics, "Summer Heart" and "Symbols." She also won last summer with "Pioneer Candles," the pageant writing contest sponsored by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers of Weber County.

SHE loves working with young people. A natural educator, she has faith in the integrity of our boys and girls. In training them, Mrs. McKey tries, first of all, to build character and to inspire them to become stronger and better. With remarkable insight, she senses that, "no pattern has ever been found to fit the individual need of youth. In some respects we are still in the 'trial and error' state as educators. With all our equipment, beautiful buildings, high scholarships, theories, concepts and ideals, we recognize a need for inspiration in the heart of adolescence, which we often fail to reach."

MRS. McKEY believes that the home is the greatest factor for building character. In her own home she has striven to make life so happy that her children would not regret the loss of the advantages she could not give them.

BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY

"I had to get my education while rearing my family," she explained, "and life was too strenuous—too much of a struggle to form any set rules. I held to the belief that God had intrusted me with a grave responsibility, and I had to keep faith." In addition to her two talented children, Richard and Eily, Mrs. McKey has one little grandson, Kay Kendall Pearson, who is "The singing joy" of her life.

One day while the two were playing together, five-year-old Kay stopped suddenly in the midst of the game, gazed quizzically at his grown-up playmate for a moment, and then said, "Gaum, you're quite the fellow!"

With his childish discernment he had given voice to that certain naive quality which so endears Mrs. McKey to her students. Though she requires the very best they can give, yet, instinctively, they know that she is indeed, "quite the fellow."

BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY, the sister of Kate Thomas, Senator Elbert D. Thomas, and R. Kendall Thomas was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, the daughter of Richard Kendall Thomas and Carrie Stockdale. Her father was a well-known pioneer merchant. He helped choose the site of the University of Utah, and, with three other leading church members, chose the first furnishings of the Salt Lake Temple.

Carrie S. Thomas was a member of the General Board of the Relief Society for many years. Coming to Utah at a very early age as converts from England, Blanche's parents were builders in whatever community or society they entered. Both were ardent lovers of the drama.

AS a child, Blanche showed decided tendencies toward the stage, as did other members of her family. Wishing to develop and encourage this talent, Mr. Thomas turned one of his barns into a little theatre, converting the hayloft into a balcony. The stage had three sets of scenery and real footlights. Many of the plays presented in the "little theatre" were written by Blanche, the leading roles of which she, herself, assumed. Naturally possessed of a wealth of emotion, the child's talent blossomed in her high school days when, under the direction of Professor Maud May Babcock, she appeared with pronounced success in several school dramas. A year or two later this achievement was repeated in the East on the professional stage, where she found favor with New York managers. She appeared in dramatic "bits" with Sir Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield, and portrayed the roles of Annie in the "Bonnie Briar Bush," with L. H. Stoddart, Tirzah in "Ben Hur," and Hope Bower in "Eben Holden." She crossed the continent with Charles B. Hanford in Shakespearian repertoire.

It was during this engagement that she appeared in the Salt Lake Theatre as Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," to a more than capacity house, for hundreds of her school friends turned out to greet her.

The Deseret News of that time carried a picture of Blanche Kendall under the caption, "She was a sweet and gentle Jessica." Today, if one were to describe her as she is—so youthful for her years, so gentle and charming—a more fitting caption could not be given—than that of a "sweet and gentle Jessica."

It was during her engagement with, "Eben Holden" that the gifted Utah girl met her future husband, William Richard McKey, who was appearing in the title role. Mr. McKey was a southerner, a man of established reputation as a character actor. They were married at the Mission House in New York City by President John McQuarrie; and two weeks later, Mr. McKey was baptized into the Mormon Church.

From the first day of their meeting, "Dick" McKey's experience and knowledge of the world shielded Blanche from influences that might have destroyed her delicacy.

Upon her departure for Salt Lake City before the birth of her second child, he said to her: "Different women have different kinds of charm. Your's lies in your viewpoint. Never let anything come into your life that might change it."

Although motherhood changed Blanche's life completely, and after a year or two, she was faced with the colossal task of providing for herself and two children, she strained to hold on to her outlook on life, which was one of freshness, of good fellowship, of belief in the nearness of Divinity.

Mr. McKey died suddenly in New York City of a heart attack.

IN a small way, there were opportunities in the West for Blanche McKey to continue her stage career, and she made a few attempts. But the thought of her children was always tugging at her heart strings, and she decided to give her life to teaching, that she might have her little ones near.

Her career as an instructor includes one year at Oneida Academy, five years at Weber College, three at Ricks College in Idaho, and nine at the Ogden High School. As a teacher of Speech she produced many artistic plays and pageants, some of which made a great deal of money for one public fund or another. A number of these offerings were of her own composition.

THREE times Mrs. McKey won Drama League State contests with original plays. In 1926 she won the M. I. A. Jubilee Prize contest with "The Unequal Yoke," and in 1930 her play, "The Redemption of Johnnie Average" was awarded first place in the National Educational Thrift Service contest for high school plays. She is now under contract with the Wetmore Declamation Bureau, having recently sold them a long narrative poem, "The Ballad of Herbie Shaughnessy's Wings."

Mrs. McKey is a member of the American Association of University women, having been graduated from the University of Utah with a Master's degree in 1928. She is a member of the Chi Delta Phi, national literary sorority, and belongs to the National League of American Pen Women.

It is as a poet, perhaps, that Mrs. McKey's admirers know her best. She has a natural ear for rhythm and form. Her lyrics have a wistful quality, an emotional appeal which reveals great depth of feeling. In view of the excellent poetry she writes, it is somewhat surprising that she, herself, prefers drama. But it is in drama that she sees a greater vehicle of expression. Her dream is that she may one day retire and devote her entire working time to writing.

THE FOOL HAS SAID THERE IS NO GOD

By Miriam C. Bitner

As I sit in my chair near the window
Watching the snow flakes fall,
I think of our Heavenly Father
Who ruleth over all.
I see His wondrous handiwork
In this beautiful world of ours,
In the breeze that sways the tree tops,
In the snow and the springtime showers.

In the fruit of the field and orchard,
In the beautiful birds that sing,
In the tempest that rages in winter,
And the flowers that bloom in the spring,
In the buzzing bee in the clover
Where it gathers honey sweet,
The beautiful golden sunshine
That makes the earth complete.

Why man should doubt his Creator
I cannot understand,
For everything in the universe
Bears the print of His loving hand.
From the stars that shine in the heaven
To the tiniest root, 'neath the sod
All nature proves that man a fool
Who hath said, "there is no God."

Sold for Taxes

By Pearl W. Peterson

JIM loved his home far more than do most boys. He tried moving from one place to another. Just when he began to feel at home in one locality, we would move on. He made new friends only to lose them again, until we built this home. It was most carefully planned, inside and out. The house was built and furnished to give cheer, comfort and inspiration; the grounds planted and cared for to create beauty and joy.

Jim stood upon the lawn as mother and Mrs. Yorke walked out to find the brave little snowdrops amid the glistening green and gold of the winter aconites. He smiled at the amazement portrayed upon the visitor's face as mother walked slowly to the flower bed, stooped down and picked a silver blossom to give to her guest.

Perhaps mother's acquaintances thought of her as he had when he read that never to be forgotten letter from daddy:

"Dearest children:

"In spite of all the doctors could do, your mother is now blind. Her sorrow is so deep, although she hides it well, that we must never let her hear one word of bitterness or regret. She is very anxious to get back home where she knows every nook and cranny. You must have everything in its accustomed place so that she can go safely about and may sometimes forget her sad affliction.

"Your loving father,
"James Davidsen."

After reading it, Jim closed his eyes. He wondered how anyone could live in such blankness. He had seen an old blind beggar; so, in his own mind, he saw his busy cheerful mother changed into a gloomy sad-faced creature, feeling her way about or being led wherever she went. So he had sorrowed.

Later he marveled at her accomplishments. He never knew how she fought to overcome her fear of the blackness which was her lot. He had one little glimpse of it on the day she returned home.

He saw her kneel down by the couch and heard her whisper this prayer, "Father, if it be Thy will that I must walk in darkness throughout this life, I do thank Thee for this home, which is so familiar and dear to me."

THE desire for safety ranged against her greater desire to be busy and helpful. An heroic battle she waged, thankful every day for the intelligent thought and care which had gone into the making of our home. Soon she became a competent homemaker again, patient, happy and kind.

But when she ventured alone beyond our gateway, she met with a series of accidents which reached their culmination when she stepped into a little hollow, falling and breaking her arm in two places. She was thankful that the hurt was no worse, yet the fright was never forgotten.

From that time on she made no more efforts to visit her friends except on rare occasions when illness or trouble came to them.

As Mrs. Yorke walked out to the gate, she said, "You have a lovely home, Mrs. Davidsen."

Mother added, "And, because I know it so well, it is priceless to me."

* * * *

JIM jumped over the fence into the vacant lot which belonged to us. In normal times daddy's carpentry work took so much of his time that one lot was all we could

care for. Jim and his friends used the other one for a playground. On the north side was a high board fence —along this the snow was all gone. Here they played marbles. Sometimes Jim played alone.

Lyman Scott lived on the next lot. Jim could hear him talking to someone. He took no notice of the conversation until he heard daddy's name mentioned.

These words came clearly to his ears, "I feel sorry for James Davidsen. His home will soon be sold for taxes."

Jim was dumbfounded for a moment. Could that be true? Our home! He thought of mother as she appeared in strange places, totally blind, lost and miserable. How could she live without her home?

He saw his father outside the house. He ran toward him, calling, "Daddy!"

"What is it, Jim?"

"Will they sell our home for taxes?" His father's face paled as he looked fearfully at the door.

"Don't talk so loud. We mustn't let mother hear anything like that. The doctor says she is in a very delicate condition and cannot bear another sorrow."

Jim had never seen his father look so sad. He had always appeared jovial.

He went on in a subdued tone, "Unless we pay these four years taxes by the last of November, our home will be sold. But God is good. I know if we work with all our might and try to keep His commandments, He will save it for mother."

Jim added, "She says that our Heavenly Father will grant us what we pray for, if we have faith."

"Yes—but faith and work are inseparable."

"I wish I could get a job."

His father smiled at that, then answered seriously, "Cash jobs are scarce, these days. We had better create our own employment."

Jim was puzzled.

"How can we do that?"

"I have thought of only one thing and it will take some backbreaking work. Will you give up your playground to save our home?"

"I'll do anything."

"All right. We will plant vegetables in our vacant lot. We should be able to sell them at a fair profit."

"Oh! That will be fun."

"It will be work. Lyman Scott will let us use his team and implements, if I will do carpentry work for him. Our grocer will take vegetables later on in payment for seeds."

* * * *

When mother called them in to supper she asked, "Will you get me some dark loam from the vacant lot, Jim?"

Jokingly daddy advised, "You'd better not carry away too much of that ground. Jim and I are thinking of planting a garden there."

Mother spoke impulsively, "Oh! I do wish you would. You'd be right at home and I'm sure we could sell flowers and vegetables, too. Why! I can already see a beautiful garden there."

Jim looked at her puzzled again.

She asked, "Will you let me help plan it?"

That sounded like extra work to Jim.

"We don't have to plan a garden, mama."

"That depends upon your aim, son. If you merely want a lot of work, don't bother. But greatest success always comes from well planned labor. Even God made definite plans before He created this earth. I don't believe He is pleased with haphazard work."

Daddy seconded all she said and

added, "He will give us a more abundant yield, if we do His way."

Jim was silenced but he wondered how a blind person could plan a garden. The mystery increased when mother stated just where each variety should be planted and why that was the best place for it. I sketched the plan very carefully upon paper.

Later daddy said to us, "Mother lives nearer to our Heavenly Father than we do. So, I think if we take her advice, we will be more sure of His help and without it we will never save our home."

SOON our vacant lot was fertilized, plowed, harrowed and leveled. Daddy worked longer each day than he had ever done before. He seemed ill at ease unless he was busy. Mother began to worry. He laughed at her fears and did all he could to reassure her.

"I have been out of work for so long I'm getting heavy. I need to work my surplus weight off. I enjoy being out in this spring weather."

* * * *

Father and Jim planted the early flowers and vegetables. By the time school was out, the garden needed all of Jim's time. Six days a week they worked. Daddy never refused a cash job so Jim was sometimes left alone—but every day, no matter where he was to work, daddy was up at daybreak and out in the garden, planting, weeding or thinning.

* * * *

JIM enjoyed carrying the earliest vegetables to market each morning. They sold quite well as their's was the first locally raised produce. After every chance of sale had been tried, they gave the balance to those in need.

The ground so cleared was fertilized again and replanted.

Lyman Scott tried to tease them. "You act as though both time and space were invaluable. You work from daylight until dark and you've even covered the fences."

Jim was quite proud of the many vines creeping over the old boards on one side and the sweet peas covering the wire netting on the other.

However, the work was tiresome. Usually, Jim dropped off to sleep right after supper but always he remembered to ask God to save their home for his mother's sake.

WHEN the early summer vegetables were ready, sales were not so easily made. Jim was almost ready to give up when Aunt Julia became ill. Mother insisted on going over to be near her. Jim called for her that evening. There was a smile on mother's face but it was not the happy one she wore at home. She was pale and a big blue bruise showed plainly upon her forehead.

Jim asked, "What's the matter with your head?"

Aunt Julia answered, "I forgot to tell her that I had placed the dresser where my cedar chest used to be. She bumped her head when she tried to find some linen for me."

"It's nothing to worry about," mother assured her.

Outside Jim questioned her again.

"How did you get that scar on your arm?"

"From Julia's electric toaster. I tried to be useful."

The sob in her voice scared Jim.

When they reached home. mother said, "You can't realize how much I love our home."

Jim made a silent vow to go on working no matter how discouraged he felt. Mother should not lose her home through his negligence. He asked God to make the garden a success. And He surely did bless that special bit of earth. The yield was

prodigious, the growth most luxurious.

JIM enjoyed digging, picking and bunching vegetables for market. But when, night after night, he came back from canvassing the town to report that almost every family had a garden of their own and needed no more, it seemed impossible to keep up courage. They canned a great supply and gave bushels away.

MORE flowers were beginning to blossom. Great masses of color in the most effective settings made a beautiful picture. Passers-by stopped to admire and many words of praise came to Jim's ears. Yet he wouldn't be comforted.

"What's the good of a wonderful garden if there's no sale for the produce?" He wondered if prayers were of any avail.

Father tried to cheer him. He explained that the reward comes only to those who work on in spite of obstacles or discouragement — to those whose faith is too strong to be destroyed by trials.

That evening brought a gentle summer shower. In the morning, as the sun spread its beams everywhere, our garden was a scene of wondrous beauty. The leaves and vines were a brighter green, the many-hued flowers were more radiantly colored, the white blossoms were restored to virgin purity and over all were myriads of sparkling drops.

Mother's planning had been very nearly perfect. When we tried to describe the loveliness to her, she cried with joy, "Now I know that you have worked faithfully."

JIM began to take more pride in creating beauty, forgetting his aim of mere material profit. He was especially glad when Senator Holbrook, Glendale's most famous son, stopped to admire the arrangement and prolific growth. Mrs. Holbrook was even more enthusiastic in her praise. She bought several sprays of rain washed flowers.

The statesman and his wife were visiting relatives and friends. Several times they stopped to talk and to buy. The last time they drove up in their big green car, the Senator praised Jim.

"If you keep on doing such perfect work, young man, you will make a splendid mark in the world."

Mrs. Holbrook's words brought more happiness to Jim.

She said, "I have never enjoyed a visit to my old home town as much as I have this one, just because of your delightful garden."

Jim cut a large bunch of the prettiest flowers for her. She insisted on paying him well. He was elated.

The work was easier, now—more varied and interesting. The autumn fruits and vegetables sold quite readily, although the price was low. The flowers, true to mother's prediction, brought excellent profits and greater joy.

THEIR harvest ended the last of October. Jim stood patiently by while daddy balanced their accounts. The garden's beauty had vanished, so his thoughts now were on his original aim.

"Is there enough for the taxes?" Eagerly he asked the question. Father hesitated, "No. It isn't enough."

He saw the keen disappointment mirrored upon Jim's countenance.

Although he was rather perplexed himself, he tried to reassure his son.

"You really did wonderful work this summer, Jim. God will reward you in the best way. He knows better than we do what is good for us. Don't worry. There's a month left. I'll get a little cash as judge of election Tuesday."

Jim couldn't overcome the blues so easily, but, since actual earning was denied him, he tried to make up for it by praying.

The election brought him no cheer as Senator Holbrook, who had been so kind to him, was defeated.

Then, as though they had not troubles enough, a strange, bold woman from Fairland came to their home and introduced herself.

She said to his mother, "We're going to buy a home here in Glendale. So, when I heard this place was to be sold for taxes, I came to look it over."

Jim clenched his hands in fury as a deep pallor overspread mother's face—but her sweet voice calmed him.

"I hope it isn't for sale. I'm sure you can find another home you will like."

After the woman left, mother sat in silence for a moment.

Jim tried to speak consolingly but his words merely confirmed her fears.

"They won't sell our home. We've got some tax money and we've worked and prayed all summer."

His mother said, "Don't tell daddy about the woman coming here. He would be sorry."

She went into her bedroom and closed the door. Soon he heard stifled sobs. He heard her prayer.

"Heavenly Father, please do not let this home be taken from us. Nevertheless, Thy will be done, only grant me strength to go on no matter what must be."

Jim became frightened, "Daddy said if she found out about it she would get sick again."

Father came around to the front of the house to rake up leaves. He called to Jim, who went out to help.

"Why are you so sober?" Daddy asked.

Jim didn't have time to answer before a big green car drove up and stopped. Senator Holbrook and his wife stepped out and came to the fence.

After greetings were exchanged, the senator said, "Ever since the election was over, Mrs. Holbrook has kept up a continual pleading for your garden lot on which to build us a home. I hope it is for sale."

As in a dream, Jim heard father say, "We might sell it."

Mrs. Holbrook spoke up, "Please do. We want to spend the remainder of our lives here with our old friends. You've proved that this is the very best lot in town. We'll give you a thousand dollars for it."

A great weight seemed lifted from Jim's heart. He couldn't stand still.

He heard his father say, "Yes, I will sell for that price."

Into the house and on into mother's bedroom, Jim rushed.

"Mama, they can't sell your house, now. We've got a thousand dollars. Senator Holbrook is buying the vacant lot. We'll get our taxes paid," he shouted.

Mother stood quietly.

Jim spoke more calmly and as reverently as such an exited boy could, "Mama, don't you think God has answered our prayers in the very best way?"

Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

BOOKS

Take Time to Read

By Lella Marler Hoggan

"Oh what is so fine as a cozy nook,
With a cushioned chair and a friendly book?

—*Wordsworth.*

NO greater inheritance has come to humanity through the ages, than the gift of books. Very early in the life of the race man sought some means of recording his knowledge and experience. Depending on the spoken word, he could reach only those persons with whom he came in direct contact; but when he could record his thoughts on tablet or scroll or metal plate, the inscription could be passed on to others. Best of all, it could be preserved, not only for his children, but for descendants of future generations. Knowledge, experience, the revealed Word of God could be made permanent.

The first records were wrought with much effort, with long hours of painstaking care. There were few of them and they were very precious. Even in Luther's day, he "longed for the time when a Bible would be chained in every church." Man's vaguest dreams did not vision the production of such a wealth of books as are provided today. The invention of printing has revolutionized the world of thought.

For those who were fortunate enough to be able to read, the ancient problem was to secure a book. Today, with free public schools and free public libraries, the problem is how to choose wisely the books to be read from among the vast number that continually flood the market.

GIFTED minds, through the power of the printed page, may transport us to the ends of the earth. With them we may sail the seven seas to every tropic and clime, from the frozen fastnesses of the north land to the dark forests of the torrid zone. We may learn the lore of the jungle from Kipling's Mowgli, the little brown boy who brothered with the wolf pack. Beebe will take us into the depths of the sea and show us the wonders of life that inhabit the ocean floor. We may stand with Edwin Markham on the top of the world and catch his inspiration of divine beauty. We may weep with Lincoln over the death of beautiful Ann Rutledge. We may laugh with Huckleberry Finn as he paddles up the Mississippi River in time to attend his own funeral. We may suffer, we may pray, we may rejoice, with the wise and the good whose living presence greets us from the pages of great books.

The soul of man is mirrored in his written word. If his vision is beautiful and true, his message one of courage and high hope, it reveals itself in his writing. There are as many types of books as there are types of authors. The printed page is sometimes used

to promote selfish purposes, to commercialize fraud, to deceive, to pollute the soul of man, as well as to portray truth and beauty.

There are writers who glorify the common experiences of every day, who vision the ideal in the real, who lift us to the stars. Then there are the iconoclasts, the idol breakers, who delight in disclosing every flaw in human nature, who wish to materialize the ideal, and substitute sophistry for sentiment.

WITH the increasing number of free hours of time from year to year, and with books of every sort to be had for the asking, it is little wonder that the question is continually repeated. "What shall we read?"

It is an individual problem. Each must choose according to his need. Before deciding what to read, one should ask why he reads. Good literature supplies an outlet for the emotions, satisfies the soul's longing, increases one's joy in life, gives a more sympathetic understanding of humanity, a greater appreciation of eternal values, and enriches and enlarges life:

"There is no greater magic in the world than the printed book," says Gove Hambidge. . . . Few of us realize how much the course and pattern of our lives are shaped by books."*

How necessary it is that one should use judgment and discrimination in choosing his reading material. But even scholars realize that it is difficult to set up standards by which literary values may be determined.

Henry Van Dyke in "Counsel Upon the Reading of Books," said: "Any author who has kept the affection, interest and confidence of thoughtful, honest readers through at least one generation is fairly sure to have something in him that is worth reading."

Mr. Van Dyke classified readers into three groups, the simple, the intelligent, and the gentle reader. "The gentle reader," says he, "is the person who wants to grow, and who turns to books as a means of purifying his tastes, deepening his feelings, broadening his sympathies, and enhancing his joy in life." . . . The culture of a finer, fuller manhood is what this reader seeks. He is looking for the books in which the inner meanings of nature and life are translated into language of distinction and charm, touched with the human personality of the author, and embodied in forms of permanent interest and power. This is literature."†

When there are so many rare, lovely books to be had, why should time be wasted on volumes that are a discredit to the author who pens them? The wisdom of the world has been salvaged through the ages by the magic of the printed page. The best minds of all time have clothed in choice language their greatest thoughts. Like silent friends they stand ready to instruct, to entertain, to uplift us with their ripe scholarship and divine inspiration.

Are we going to accept the opportunity of forming friendships with these illustrious men and women, or are we going to loiter our time away with writers who

*"Time To Live," by Gove Hambidge, Pub. McGraw Hill Book Co., New York.

†"Counsel Upon The Reading Of Books," Preface by Henry Van Dyke, Pub. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass

Dora Marler Williams

do not interpret life's meanings truly and who view the world from a murky bog rather than the sunlit mountain crest?

H. A. Overstreet, in his "Guide To Civilized Loafing," said, "Mental companionships, some of the finest in the world, may be had for the asking. I have but to lift my hand to a bookshelf and I have converse fit for the gods."‡

Let us cultivate a literary taste and cherish an affection for fine books. Let us be serious, earnest and sincere in choosing what we shall read. We want books that give us wholesome pleasure, books with a high purpose, that recognize moral and spiritual values, that help us to get more joy and beauty and permanent satisfaction out of life. We want high adventure, clean and uplifting; mystery, suspense; we want art, books that we can read aloud to our children; books that will leave us stronger and braver, more self-reliant and better prepared to meet life—and death. We want poetry, soft singing verse that we read for the sheer joy of its rhythmic beauty. The poets are the prophets of the race. They supply the ideals, the vision, that will lift mankind to the heights.

Before taking time to read questionable volumes simply because they are popular and are widely advertised, we should remind ourselves that popular opinion makes mistakes. Popular opinion crucified the Savior, martyred the prophets, and has held up for criticism and ridicule the great and the good through the years.

The person who has a cultivated taste for good literature is practically immune to the influence of a bad book, but he seldom wastes his time on this type of reading. He chooses rather, books that have moral significance, that widen his horizon and enrich his life.

READING is not a habit we can assume when we are old. It grows with the years. The person who reads the right kind of books over a long period of time adds growth and development and joy to his soul.

Persons who plan their reading and check their lists as they go, will have no unhappy surprises at the end of the year. A well balanced list includes philosophy, fiction, poetry, biography, history and religion. Let quality rather than quantity be your guide.

Do you seek inspiration in your choice of books? Do you deliberately aim to read something uplifting every day? Are you proud to display to your friends your reading list for the year?

Some persons plan to be always reading a book and always buying a book. As soon as one is completed they begin another. It may take them weeks, reading at odd moments and during empty half hours now and then, but it is a delightful and profitable diversion. A small container labeled, "Pennies For Books," will soon accumulate the price of some long desired volume. As soon as one is paid for begin again. There is joy and satisfaction in owning a few choice books. Don't you love to handle a well made book? Don't you love the feeling of the soft leather under your fingers?

There are some books that one touches with reverence, and some that are as dear as old friends. There are books that may be read again and again.

‡"A Guide To Civilized Loafing," By H. A. Overstreet, Pub. W. W. Norton & Co., New York.

"Every year when the lilacs bloom," confessed a gentle old man, "I read Lucile again. It grows in tenderness and beauty with the years."

THE soul of man aspires to the beautiful, the sublime, that which is in harmony with the divine. All this we shall find and more, if we only take time to read. There is a book for every mood. Those who form the reading habit and cultivate a taste for literary values, have possessed themselves of the key that will unlock the treasure chest of the ages.

"Books! Thanks be to God for the gift of them,
The pull and the urge and the lift of them;
For the keen delight of the printed page,
Priceless alike to the child or the sage;
Thanks be to God for books."
—*Wordsworth.*

The quotations are used by special permission of the respective publishers.

Needle Point

By Nettie K. Miller

OUR day is marked by a widespread revival of interest in one of the most delicate of all embroidery—needle point.

There is an old-world atmosphere about needle point that is largely responsible for its continued appeal. It conjures up visions of stately Chateaux and candle-lit drawing rooms, of elegant ladies of the court with curled and powdered wigs and tapering jeweled fingers. History, fancies, and romance are worked in its very stitches, and shades of ancient needle women cling lovingly to the old bits of silk and wool.

Exquisite pieces of petit point and gros point, which upholstered the furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were ripped off by the dealers of greater diligence than taste. Replaced by less faded coverings, designed to catch the eye of the New Aristocracy, these pieces were flung in disregarded piles in corners.

It may be said with perfect truth that America is responsible for this most interesting of rediscoveries. Immediately after the World War, American collectors and dealers appeared, purses in ready hands, to celebrate the wake of Continental poverty. The discarded bundles of needle point were shipped overseas, then paid the compliment of a more thoughtful observation than had been accorded by their native land.

NEEDLE point has now become the insistent demand of all who seek exquisite furnishings and have the wherewithal for their purchase. Needle point, which is the general term embracing both petit and gros point embroidery, is the most careful of handicrafts.

The "art" of needle point is not so much in the detail of its execution, troublesome and important though that is, as in the selection, harmony and contrast of its colors. No medium, save oil, presents a greater opportunity for skillful and charming coloring. It is often called needlework pictures, because the patterns are taken from famous tapestries—as gay as the Vienna of romance.

The surface of needle point embroidery is divided into small units

of color, so fine that extraordinary blending is possible. The results are harmonious and marvelously "pleasing." The little diagonal stitch was called "tent stitch" in England, while in Rome, the Latin synonym for needle point was "cushion stitch."

THE contemporary amateur, who considers needle point as a hobby, should be forewarned of its difficulty. Unparalleled patience, deftness, and good taste are requisites. It is fascinating and difficult. The linen mesh upon which it is worked is woven into tiny open squares of coarse thread. There are three sizes of stitch. The large stitch, made with wool yarn, takes up four little strands of foundation canvas. This is called gros point. The medium size is on much finer foundation scrim, and is worked with finer yarn of D. M. C. mercerized cotton. It is done with the naked eye, and is called "petit point done with the naked eye." Then there is "petit point made under a magnifying glass." It takes up only one strand of foundation canvas, which is very fine. It is usually made with silk or D. M. C., only one strand of thread being used. The real petit point is called "petit point made under glass," and contains approximately sixteen hundred stitches to the square inch. There are, therefore, countless thousands of individual operations necessary before even the least conspicuous frame is filled.

Because it is an embroidery and not a frame-woven tapestry, it is especially adapted for use upon a surface such as a chair seat, or a cushion, where there is constant friction or "pulling." A loomed stitch will bunch and pull, but needle point, because of the nature of its construction, is practically impervious to wear.

THOSE eras in which it has especially flourished have been separated by wide gaps of time, but it seems to have recurred in each with increasing, rather than diminished, beauty.

The literature which touches upon needle point is astonishingly small. This is the more strange, inasmuch as needle point seems to be the oldest and most artistically important of any of the myriad forms of needlework. It appears first historically in the later Roman Empire, although its origin, like most other things, seems to have been in some forgotten period of the Chinese Empire.

The first age in which it attained any lasting importance was in China during the thirteenth century. Some of the most exquisite pieces date from that epoch. The petit point stitch was used almost exclusively, and only silk, as might be expected, was employed.

During the middle of the sixteenth century, needle point next appeared as a definite revival. It first became the fashion in France, but rapidly passed across the channel into England.

Curiously enough, in a collection of sixteenth century work at Devonshire, there is one old piece of petit point, worn and faded with time, in which the English rose, the Scotch thistle, and the lily of France are mournfully combined. A center oval in yellow silk bears two frogs on a well, a crown and the name "Mary." Poor Mary of Scots! Her lesson on needle point from her mother-in-law must have served her in good stead to while away the hours of captivity at Hardwicke. Another piece in the collection is signed E. S. 1590, and would indicate that the Queen's jailor practiced the stitch also. The innocent occu-

pation later got the poor Queen in trouble. Several chair backs being finished, the Queen directed them sent to the Duchesse Clery. The municipals, from whom permission was sought, thought the designs represented hieroglyphics, designed to open a correspondence with the outside. Consequently, it was forbidden to allow any work done by the Queen to leave the tower.

NEEDLE women turned to the Bible for subjects, and, in many old pieces, we come onto the familiar figures of Adam and Eve, and Pharaoh's daughters finding Moses in the rushes. Little bags were worked in the stitch to hold the elaborately embroidered books of the period. Exquisite petit point handbags were a prized possession, designed with lyrical scenes worked out lovingly in many rich colors.

WHEN Mary and William of Orange came to the throne, the Queen was an enthusiastic needle woman, and set to work with her ladies to cover the chairs of the palace with her handiwork.

She labored "with a diligence as if she had been earning her bread by it," according to a Bishop of the period, who thought it a new sight to see a Queen work so hard. When she rode in her coach, she was always working on her frame.

The vogue for petit point continued all through the reign of the dowdy Queen Anne. Needlework became a veritable passion with the fashionable ladies of the day. Sofas, wing chairs, settees, and those little love seats, "too large for one and not large enough for two," covered in petit point, were prominent in the drawing rooms of the day.

The designs were usually done in wool with silk introduced only for the high lights. Often a figure group formed the center piece. A little gentleman and lady in the costume of the period was done in fine petit point, and this was surrounded by a scroll design in a coarser stitch.

Some truly ardent devotees of the stitch even made carpets. In 1774, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen writes to a friend, "I think it curious to see my Lady Leicester at work on a tent stitch frame, every night by one candle that she sets upon it, and no spectacles. It is a carpet that she works in shades of tent stitch." Some of these carpets are 9 x 12 feet in size, and represent an immense amount of time and labor.

In France, where upholstered furniture was the invariable rule, its use as furniture covering, and as insets, panels in secretaries, sideboards, bell ropes, and so on, became widespread.

With the transition of the art into England, there came a new vitality. The combination of gros point and petit point was common during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but with succeeding years, the petit point stitch almost totally disappeared.

WITH the close of the eighteenth century, gros and petit point were almost forgotten, and permitted to mold into disuse. The needlework chairs faded day by day, and the moth carried away a goodly share of the fine old stitches. Then, with the Victorian era, Berlin woolwork became fashionable, and petit point was done once more. Crude designs and colors characterized the work. The Victorian miss shook out her curls and pouted as she tried to reproduce the oil paintings of Landseer or Ruben's Crucifixion, in the coarse wool. "Mary, Queen of Scots, weeping over the dying Douglas" was a favorite subject with the ladies, who shed sentimental tears, as they embroidered the touching scene. Others

copied glaring illustrations in the London News, and battle scenes of the South African War, Death of the Prince Imperial, Victoria and Albert, and like images were produced in great number. Often a fire screen was worked with a motto surrounded with flowers. One old one read:

"When I was young
And in my prime,
Here you may see
How I spent my time."

We are only just recovering from the shock that these creations used to produce, and now, tinged with age, we class them as "amusing."

BUT, again, needle point is at a new height. Probably never before has a larger audience been attracted by its peculiar charm, and the old aristocratic art is growing as fashionable as it was in bygone days. The best class of petit point work usually comes from France, but America is ahead of other countries in enthusiasm for it, although England and France have felt the contagion. It has achieved the highest standard of execution, quite comparable in every respect with that of centuries past.

TWO BREAD RECIPES

By Christina V. Wilson

This bread can be made and baked in three hours time. Fresh milk must be boiled and cooled.

Whole Wheat Bread—Two Loaves
(9 x 5 inches)

(Mix in order given)

2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons Crisco or other fat
1 tablespoon and 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
Stir well, until honey and Crisco are melted, then add
1 cup canned milk
When luke warm, add
1 yeast cake, crumbled
2⅓ cups warm water (or more, depending upon flour used).
4 cups whole wheat flour. Beat very well with spoon, then add
5 cups whole wheat flour

Knead well with hands, shape into loaves, put into baking pans and let raise one hour or until dough is ½ inch above pans. Bake 1 hour and 10 minutes in oven at 375 degrees.

White Bread—Two Loaves (9x5 inches)

(Mix in order given)

2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons Crisco or other fat
1 tablespoon salt
1 cup boiling water
Stir to melt honey and Crisco, then add
1 cup canned milk. When luke warm, add
1 yeast cake crumbled
1⅓ cup luke warm water
4 cups white flour. Beat well with spoon, then add
4 cups white flour.

Knead well with hands. Let raise, shape into loaves, and let raise a second time. Bake 1 hour in oven at 375 degrees.

An Interesting Shut In

By Annaleone Davis Patton

Time: Present.

Place: Living room in Rachel Davis' home.

Characters: Rachel Davis—Grandma, 94 years of age; Rebecca Holmes—Caller, Sunshine Committee; Sarah Ann Adams—Caller, Sunshine Committee; Lucy Graham—Rachel's friend, a few years younger than grandma.

Scene: As curtain goes up grandma is seated in an old-fashioned rocker, a large picture book on her lap. Near is a table with books, a new quilt top, neatly folded, a small bowl of pansies, a glass of water, a ball of carpet rags.

A light knock is heard on street door, at left.

Grandma: Come. (Two women enter, members of the Sunshine Committee. Grandma places hand over eyes and looks closely at visitors, who advance smilingly, and hands extended in greeting.)

Rebecca: Good afternoon, Grandma.

Sarah: How are you, Grandma?

Grandma: Well, well, now this is lovely. How do you do? Sairy Ann and Becky. I was hoping you would call today. I have finished my picture book for the Primary Hospital and Sophie made jelly this morning. She was wishing she had a way to send some to Lizzie Walton. They say Lizzie has two very pretty babies. I always did like twins. Have you seen them yet?

Rebecca: Yes, Elizabeth was at fast meeting Sunday and had them blessed. They are identically alike. Two girls born on the 17th of March. They should be good Relief Society workers.

Sarah Ann: Sister Walton told us they are direct descendants of Martha Knight, one of the charter members of the Relief Society.

Grandma: Aunt Marthy was one of the original eighteen members. I suppose if it hadn't been for me, my mother would have been a charter member also; but times were troublesome and hard for the faithful saints of those days. It's no wonder babies had a way of coming before folks were ready for them.

Rebecca: (Laughing.) Then you were almost an "original" Relief Society member yourself, Grandma?

Grandma: I was born at Nauvoo on March 12, 1842. I was my mother's youngest, and the only one of five children to reach the Valleys of the Mountains. She was a widow so she and I were very companionable. She had a remarkable memory, often wrote for the "Woman's Exponent." Her right hand was twisted from a felon she had lanced when they were at Winter Quarters so it was difficult for her to write. I wrote the articles for her. I did not know shorthand or typing—they weren't even invented yet. I wrote a fairly good hand. Sister Wells said it was plain and easy to read. Mother's unusual memory for detail, her description, and diction so clear made it almost seem that I had experienced the actual events she told of.

Sarah Ann: Then your mother knew the sisters that met with the Prophet and Elders Willard Richards, and John Taylor to organize the first Relief Society.

Grandma: Oh, yes, mother said that although Nauvoo was a thriving, clean, new, beautiful city, and

soon became the largest city in the state of Illinois, there were many poor people there because in the mobbing many families had lost all worldly effects. Many homes were broken by the death of a father who had been killed by the mob. Then poor converts were constantly streaming in from the Mission field. The women were eager to help but from time to time cases of poverty, sickness, want, homesickness, and apostasy were discovered. The sisters felt if they were organized much needless suffering could be eliminated. They heard of a group of women who had banded together to help fugitive slaves and had accomplished much good.

There were interest groups in Nauvoo—just as there are interest groups anywhere. The Heber Kimballs, and the John Taylors had pianos; those that loved to sing met there for "singing meeting." There were also "reading meetings," "sewing meetings," "candle makin' meetings," and all kinds of meetings. So why not meetings to relieve distress, or help on the temple whose walls were rising higher each day. The women could serve hot meals to the men that donated their time, weave and mend for their families. Elvira Coles, who became the first treasurer of the Relief Society, bent her arm at the elbow and said, "I can carry water for the masons, I'm so strong." Everyone laughed. It was refreshing to hear some boast of health. There had been so much sickness.

Sarah Ann: Conditions must have been terrible. Why the other night little Jean was preparing a paper for junior genealogical meeting and she read how the saints at Nauvoo suffered from cholera and winter fever.

Rebecca: Naturally the people's resistance to disease was lowered. Just think, in twelve short years they had been driven from Palmyra, New York to Kirtland, Ohio; from Kirtland, Ohio, to Jackson County, Missouri, and from Jackson County back into Illinois. And in three years the city had become the largest and most beautiful city in the state.

Sarah Ann: Think of it! That much moving and persecution in twelve short years.

Grandma: Yet Nauvoo was a crisp, busy, new town just three years old. There were stores, homes, meeting houses, and a temple with walls rising higher each day; besides that they owned a steamboat on the Mississippi. The Prophet's boat was called "The Maid of Iowa."

Rebecca: The fact that women could become organized in that day has always been a marvel to me. Women could not enter the colleges. A married woman had no legal status; she could not hold property, she could not use her own earning without the consent of her husband; she could not act as guardian and control the person or property of her children; she could not under any circumstance secure a divorce.

Sarah Ann: The Prophet just called the women together and organized them, didn't he?

Grandma: No, not exactly that. The women had felt the need of organization to accomplish results they desired, both spiritual and temporal, so they met in Aunt Sairy Kimball's parlor one afternoon and discussed plans for formulating such an organization. Eliza R. Snow wrote a set of by-

laws that encompassed the ideals and objectives of the group. Later they submitted these by-laws to the Prophet for counsel and approval. Shortly afterward he called together eighteen of the leading women of Nauvoo—let's see now, there was: Emma Smith, Sarah M. Cleveland, Phoebe Ann Hawkes, Elizabeth Jones, Sophia Packard, Philinda Merrick, Martha Knight, Desdemona Fulmer, Elizabeth Ann Whitney, Leonora Taylor, Bathsheba Smith, Phoebe Wheeler, Elvira Coles, Margaret Cook, Sarah M. Kimball, Eliza R. Snow, Sophia Robinson and Sophia Marks.

They met in the Lodge Room over the brick store which stood on the Joseph Smith homestead in Nauvoo on March 17, 1842. The Prophet received them kindly, told them he had been considering for some time organizing the women. His plan for the organization was more comprehensive and far greater than the sisters had even imagined. Those present realized that he was inspired of God to instruct them as he did. They opened the meeting by singing "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning." John Taylor offered the opening prayer. Emma Smith was chosen president. Emma was a queenly woman, stately, and dignified, her soft dark hair parted in the middle. She wore a lavender dress, lavender was her favorite color, and spotless white apron. She was a Hale before she married, one of the Pennsylvania Hales. She was not at all visionary, very sympathetic and fair—in every way a leader.

Sarah Ann: Sarah M. Cleveland was first counselor, wasn't she?

Grandma: Yes, Sister Cleveland was the first counselor. She lived right across the street from the Prophet. She and Emma Smith were like sisters. When the Saints were driven out of Missouri in the spring of 1839, Emma Smith and her children were cared for and given shelter by the Clevelands until Joseph was released from prison. After coming to Nauvoo the Prophet wrote to the Clevelands saying he had selected them a lot near him and Emma. Sarah Cleveland was practical, ambitious, quick, and kind.

Rebecca: Elizabeth Ann Whitney was second counselor?

Grandma: Yes. She was older than either Sister Emma or Sister Kimball; more talkative and eager to show her friendliness. She came to Ohio from New England when a young girl. Here she met Newel K. Whitney, a wealthy young trader of the Great Lakes region whom she later married. Newel and Elizabeth Ann Whitney were living in Kirtland when the Prophet Joseph first came to that place. As the Prophet stepped from the sleigh, he extended his hand and said, "Newel K. Whitney, thou art the man." Brother Whitney recognized the Prophet from a dream he had had of him. Newel K. Whitney had an experience similar to Captain John Smith. An Indian girl named Modlena saved Brother Whitney's life when he was captured by the Indians. The Whitneys named their daughter Modlena for this heroine.

Sister Whitney was always proud of the fact that she was the first to entertain Brother Joseph when he came to Kirtland. She was a very pretty woman, had a beautiful voice. She and Zina Huntington and the Par-

tridge girls were the great singers of those days and sang at the early Relief Society meetings.

Then there was Eliza R. Snow the first secretary. She was a vivid, dark-eyed, sensitive woman with a spiritual face. She knew the hearts of people. None other had such a gift of beautiful, lucid literary expression. Her verse was her sermon and song. No wonder she became poet laureate of the Church.

Lenora Taylor, wife of John Taylor was one of the most beautiful women of Nauvoo. She was the daughter of Captain Cannon of the Isle of Man. She and Brother Taylor embraced the Gospel in Canada and moved to Kirtland.

Then there was Sophia Packard; she had been Sophia Bundy before she married. She was one of the Massachusetts Bundys, a very quiet woman, rather inclined to boast of her husband's accomplishments than her own. Brother Packard walked fifteen thousand miles in his missionary labors.

Philinda Merrick was a widow. Her husband was killed in Missouri. Brigham Young had helped her to move to Nauvoo. She often told of the first meeting of the Relief Society and how Emma Smith had urged the women present to give her their sewing and to be prompt with their payments, reminding them "Sister Merrick is a widow." "We must help the widows." In fact, charity was the theme of that meeting. That very day was found an open Bible on the pulpit with this verse written on a small piece of paper:

"O, Lord, help our widows and fatherless children, Amen.
So Mote it be.

With the Sword and word of truth defend thou them,
So Mote it be."

A charity donation was taken at the first meeting. The Prophet gave a $5.00 gold piece, saying, "Hereafter, what I do for charity, I shall give through this society." He impressed upon them the meaning of their name—the Relief Society. The first order of business after officers were selected was choosing a name. John Taylor suggested the Nauvoo Benevolent Society.

Sarah Ann: Why didn't they take that name?

Grandma: It didn't seem to have a meaning for their work. Sarah Cleveland suggested the name, Nauvoo Female Relief Society, which name was chosen. The Prophet instructed them to conduct their meetings according to Parliamentary rules, to admit members by vote only; to be merciful one to another; to be pure in heart; to keep confidences sacred. He begged them to care for the sick, the poor, the unfortunate, and the downcast. He said, "This society should not only relieve the poor but it should save souls." "If you live up to your privileges the angels can not be restrained from being your associates. I now turn the key for you in the name of God and this society shall rejoice. Knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time. If you would that God have mercy on you, have mercy one upon another."

Sarah Ann: The Society grew quite rapidly, didn't it?

(A bell rings outside. Enter Mrs. Lucy Graham, carrying a small work bag. Comes and shakes hands with Grandma Davis and the two younger women.)

Sister Graham: How are you, Rachel?

Grandma: Better than well—and you, Lucy?

Sister Graham: So well, I certainly enjoy riding and I am so spoiled by my grandchildren, I seldom stay home any more. If Burt gets his aviator's license I'm going up some Saturday afternoon. See if I don't. (All laugh.)

Rebecca: You are braver than I am.

Sarah Ann: We have been reliving the organization of the Relief Society this afternoon. We were just thinking how wonderful it was that the organization could have come forth in its completeness at the time it did.

Sister Davis: Tap Aunt Lucy. She is a veritable historic fountain when it comes to Church Auxiliary organizations.

Aunt Lucy: I should be. I had the privilege of working with Sister Eliza Snow.

Sarah Ann: I was asking how rapidly the Relief Society grew?

Aunt Lucy: It started with eighteen charter members. During the first year the membership grew to 1,179. Once two hundred women joined in one day. They held eighteen meetings that first year, sixteen meetings were held the second year. The enrollment had grown to 2,341. The last meeting was held March 16, 1844. The unsettled conditions, the martyrdom, and the apparent exodus made it necessary to suspend activities as a group although separated into different companies they carried the spirit of their work through the journey over the prairies, plains and mountains, and administered to the sick along the way at Sugar Creek, Garden Grove, Mt. Pisgah and Winter Quarters and in the Pioneer settlements. The organization had prepared them to be obedient, the lack of which caused so many emigrants on the emigrant trail to fare illy in the move to the West.

Rebecca: I never before valued the Relief Society, or knew its relationship to the development of Pioneer life.

Grandma: In 1854, about ten years after the organization, a group met in the old Social Hall and held a meeting. This group was the forerunner of ward organizations. Things got started once more, in an orderly fashion.

Aunt Lucy: When Johnston's army came and the body of the Church moved south, meetings were suspended again for several years. In 1866 President Young recommended the organization of Relief Societies in all wards and branches of the Church. He chose Eliza R. Snow as President of the Latter-day Saints Women's organizations.

Grandma: The Woman's Exponent was first issued in 1872 and Sister Eliza is mentioned in that issue as the president of the entire Female Relief Societies in the Church. After 1866 the growth was rapid and constant, and the wards were soon organized into stakes. The first one being the Union of the Relief Societies of Weber County.

Aunt Lucy: Today there are more than 1700 ward organizations, 118 stakes and 35 missions, with a general board of twenty-three members, and a membership of over 73,000. They have been leaders in all great social and reform movements, and kept up their benevolent work as well.

Grandma: Aside from the charity work they were early affiliated with the National Women's council, the Suffrage and the Temperance movement, engaged in the silk industry, and the storing of wheat, against drought or famine. For forty-two years they maintained this wheat fund. During the World War when the United States called upon them for wheat the Relief Society had 200,000 bushels to turn over to the officials in Washington, D. C. The interest from this money is spent for public health.

Rebecca: Well, did the wheat just lie idle all those years till the war came?

Aunt Lucy: O, my, no. They loaned it out for seed to poor people, gave wheat where crops had failed, once sent a carload of wheat to famine sufferers in China. At the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, a carload was sent to San Francisco.

Sarah Ann: The Relief Society is the only church auxiliary that is legally incorporated, isn't it?

Aunt Lucy: That does not change its status as a church auxiliary. That was necessary because of its holdings.

Rebecca: I appreciate the charity work, hospital work, wheat fund, silk industry and affiliating with the National Women's council, but to my mind the most comprehensive thing is its program of adult education—its theology, literature, sociology, art and music, closely approaches a university course.

Grandma: The Relief Society is the Alma Mater of many a Mormon woman. When she can no longer go out to the meeting the visiting teacher and sunshine committee bring it to her.

Aunt Lucy: I never knew how lovely the Proverbs were until the visiting teachers gave their topics this winter.

Grandma: The teachers were so well prepared, I just looked forward to their calls.

Rebecca: We must go now. I fear we have stayed too long.

Aunt Lucy: Well, it was a two-in-one visit anyway.

Sarah Ann: It's been a most profitable visit to me. Frank is driving to Washington, D. C., this summer. I shall stop in Illinois and see the monument erected on the spot where the Relief Society was organized. I have a better understanding of its history because of this visit (All shake hands, preparatory to leaving.)

Rebecca: (Shaking hands with Grandma.) Be sure to tune in for the "Singing Mothers," Sunday afternoon. Bessie has a solo. (Sarah and Rebecca leave by the street door, and call back, "good-by") (Grandma takes quilt top from table at her left.)

Lucy: Rachel, we don't need to worry about the future of the Relief Society for the next ninety-four years, as long as Becky Holmes and Sarah Ann Adams are in the harness.

Grandma: There's so much of vital interest to young mothers. It would be unfortunate if they were not interested. Say, Lucy, I'm goin' to give this quilt to Sister Philpott for Libby Ricks.

Aunt Lucy: That's right. The best way to encourage Libby to keep house is to give her something to do it with, even if she does live in an auto camp. That's a pretty quilt, Rachel.

(Curtain falls as Aunt Lucy and Grandma are discussing designs for quilting.)

The Institute at the University of Wyoming

as it appears to an outsider

By Lorene Pearson

TO express what the L. D. S. Institute at the University of Wyoming means to one who is not a member of the Church may appear, on the surface, to have little value; and yet, I believe this project to be a community affair in a very real sense, the concern, in fact, of all who are interested in the welfare of young people. It has demonstrated what may be done for the individual student through intelligent guidance—courses in the history of religion, and personal advice from a Director fitted for the task; and it has shown what may be done to develop the cooperative spirit on a most heterogeneous campus.

Three years ago very few people in Laramie were aware that Mormons lived here, and if they did know they had no idea what the Church really stood for. This was no reflection on the local Branch; rather it was a compliment to the foresight of the President, Mr. A. E. Bowman and his enthusiastic partner in the venture, that they realized the need of a concrete symbol of their faith. No group can make itself felt in a community without a building, an institution; this is particularly true in a University town where the population is constantly in flux. Knowing this, the local members, particularly the leaders, devoted ten years of unremitting effort to make the beautiful native stone structure a reality. Theirs was the pioneering, the hardships, that, only as they are ended, become known. As one man said to me, "I didn't even know there were any Mormons in Laramie, and suddenly they spring up all over the town." He was exaggerating, of course, and yet the importance of the Church has increased one-hundred fold with the building of the Institute.

It is a worthy monument to the zeal of the local Branch and to the response of the Church in answer to their need. Not only does the building afford ample facilities for many phases of activity with chapel, lecture hall, library, ballroom, two club-rooms and reception room, but it is also one of the best designed and most artistically decorated places in Laramie. It is with this second phase, the construction of the Institute, that the first Director, Mr. J. Wyley Sessions, had so much to do; he, with his charming, capable wife, brought culture and taste to the institution in the choice of furnishings; and, keenly aware of the awakening interest in the community, they fostered the fine social feeling that has developed. Theirs was the period of introducing to outsiders the aims and ideals of the Latter-day Saints, and they achieved this most successfully.

And now the present Director, Dr. Daryl Chase, has inaugurated yet another phase in the development of the organization. He has emphasized the necessity of scholarship, knowing, as he does, that human relationships are endlessly inter-related — b e t w e e n the

Church and the secular world as well as within the Church itself —and that learning overcomes all barriers. The Institute, under his guidance, has become an integral part of the community,— it has achieved the cooperative spirit.

This attainment, of course, is most noticeable within the group itself; every individual, whether a member of the Branch or a student at the University, obviously knows himself to be a necessary part of the Institute; whatever he is doing—planting the lawn, preparing a lesson for Sunday school, or showing visitors through the building—he feels responsibility in making the project a success.

THIS manifestation is not, of course, an accidental thing; it has roots deep in the creative past of the Church; the leaders have always realized the need for more complex integration as the Church expanded. And now that the present generation finds itself increasingly in secular society—even as the early Christian Church through the missions of Paul found itself no longer an isolated institution—organizations are being established to meet the new need. The first supplement to public education were the Primary Associations; then the Junior Seminaries followed by High School Seminaries, and, since 1926 the Institutes which are designed to augment the teaching of the colleges and universities in states adjoining Utah.

FROM the very first inception of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there was realization that the whole man was not only the happiest man, but the most helpful to others, and that therefore man's experiences must be unified—all his experiences, secular, sectarian, spiritual and physical; and, knowing that religion may play the important part in this significant task, provision, in the form of organizations, was made. How real a need there was for a unifying agent on the campus at Laramie, could only too well be told by members of the Branch, or anyone else interested in students. Mr. Bowman and Mr. Quayle did what they could by holding meetings in their homes, but no amount of effort could overcome the inadequacy of space, the time at their disposal.

I have known L. D. S. students, and others as well, who came down here to school, and who, because there was no organized effort to aid their adjustment, became one-sided in their outlook. These students, for the most part, came from small communities, rudimentary, not unlike pioneer communities; and these young people had not had the profound experience of their elders in helping to build these towns; then, suddenly they came in contact with a multitude of viewpoints. Either of two reactions was very likely to occur—both undesirable: one student might decide that he had been deluded all his life (a common reaction to a superficial introduction to the sciences) and deny completely all that he had learned as a child; another might take these new ideas as a personal insult to himself or his family, and, without examining them further, close his mind completely. Of course, neither of them delved deeply enough into science or he would have perceived that it, also, is in a formative stage, groping towards truth, even as the human spirit. The danger of the lack of

guidance in this critical period, lies in the probability that once having left the classroom the student, for a number of reasons, seldom continues his inquiry into the nature of things far enough to work out his salvation for himself. His religious education did not keep pace with his secular education and there was no one to effectively integrate the conflict.

Not that these college students themselves were particularly conscious of what they lacked, although the more acute sensed it. It was the parents, as Mr. Quayle has said, who wanted their children to come back to them matured, not one-sided. These parents, who had gone through deprivations for the sake of their faith, knew the price and the reward of unification. But Mr. Bowman knew that it was a different process from that which served for the parents, and he and Mr. Quayle worked unceasingly to get a hearing before the Education Board of the Church, the President of the University of Wyoming, even before President Grant himself. The Church saw the need; for essentially, it is but the parent "writ large" in this case.

SO now, the individual student—the leader of tomorrow—is able to attain perspective and balance if he wishes: admirable courses are offered in general religion as well as in Mormonism; the Director is a particularly able person to guide in this adjustment. And the Institute is a building of which he may be proud; it gives him the feeling that his group is an important part of the community; he feels a collective pride in this. And when outsiders ask him "what is Mormonism that knows the needs of its young people in the most critical period of life?" he extends a friendly hand and introduces them to the hospitality of the Institute.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF A PIONEER

By Claire Stewart Boyer

O if the daughter of a pioneer
Can treasure such a homespun loveliness,
And pass it into lives she holds most dear
Without the loss of its bright stateliness,
Then can a heritage of thought and way
Be greater than the lands of homestead pride,
And sons and daughters in a future day
Will need no fairer, no diviner guide.
For in their quest, the fervent, sythnic beat
Of your nobility will shape their goals;
It will be music for their eager feet;
It will be power for their yearning souls.
And through the years your homespun loveliness
Will weave a broidery of deep content;
Each dawn will be your signal tenderness,
Each night of stars the truth your words have lent.
O if the daughter of a pioneer
Can leave this boon to her posterity,
Then can she raise her eyes to God in praise,
For this, her share in immortality.

Notes from the Field

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

WINNEMUCCA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY, CALIFORNIA MISSION

California Mission

DELIGHTFUL news comes in from the branches of the California Mission. Annual Day, March 17, was appropriately celebrated in the organizations of this extensive Mission. The Winnemucca Branch celebration included a beautiful pageant as one of the features of a delightful program.

The Elko Branch Relief Society reports a very fine spirit in the work of the organization. It reflects the missionary spirit and the friendliness of Relief Society mingling with other groups. The literature lessons have been particularly interesting and have attracted many women not of the faith. The fine lessons carried in the *Magazine* are a great element in increasing the subscriptions. During the year there have been many events which have given a fine opportunity for missionary work. Among these was the anniversary celebration where a fine program was presented in which the activities and educational advantages of Relief Society were stressed, and the delightful event was concluded with a luncheon served to more than eighty people.

Western States Mission

AMONG the Mission reorganizations of last Spring is that of the Western States Mission. We cannot do justice to the splendid activities of Relief Society under the very capable leadership of Sister Winnifred B. Daynes. The monthly digest for May, 1937, of the Western States Mission is dedicated to President and Sister Daynes. The

ALAMOSA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OF WESTERN STATES MISSION

keynote of the digest is that "Friendship is the creation of the divine, it stirs our emotions, stimulates our heart strings, promotes loftiness of ideals, and radiates an atmosphere of true nobility."

Under the leadership of President and Sister Daynes, a very gratifying increase in all things in the mission is shown—the number of baptisms, the creation of new organizations, and the Relief Society is especially fortunate in the splendid work done within its organizations. Sister Daynes has devoted so much of her rich talent and time to furthering the wonderful work. As the digest says: "The lives of the Saints and investigators of the Church have been brought to a fuller knowledge and appreciation of the Gospel."

Canadian Mission

FROM our Canadian Mission comes a very delightful report of the entire year's work, showing the close touch established by Sister Alice R. Rich with the Relief Society organizations of this Mission. Some of the phases of Relief Society work, viz., that of Work and Business, which have been difficult in the past to put over, has received special attention during this year, and the women have shown great interest in the program of activities. The collecting of used clothing and its renovation and the making of new articles for families in need, has been one accomplishment. Many bazaars were held and luncheons served adding greatly to funds for the needs of the organization. The program of self-help as suggested through the Relief Society is particularly valuable to many of the mothers with little children who have not been taught how to sew, and it is a very fine piece of work to teach these sisters to do their sewing and go far toward helping themselves. The educational program has been very popular with the sisters. The Relief Society lessons are a wonder-

TORONTO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY, CANADIAN MISSION

ful aid in broadening the vision and strengthening the women to do their part. There have been some group conventions held, at which time some of the messages from the General Conference have been put over, and these have been a great inspiration to the sisters, for "they are at heart true Latter-day Saints and are making heroic efforts to live up to the traditions of the Gospel." Sister Rich states the *Relief Society Magazine* is a great aid, as is the *Bulletin*, also, in helping to accomplish the educational work.

In Toronto in all the educational and practical phases of Relief Society work the social spirit is not forgotten, and we feel that some very excellent missionary work is done through this medium.

Northern States Mission

FROM the Northern States Mission in May came a beautiful *Bulletin* with the cover design a picture of Sister Augusta W. Grant, and the following lovely message from Sister Grant we feel every Relief Society sister should read:

"I am happy to send a greeting to the Relief Society sisters of the Northern States Mission. Among our several Church auxiliary organizations, there is none in my opinion more important in its scope or more beneficial in its results, both to its members and those whose lives it touches beyond the organization than the Relief Society.

"Worthwhile as your organization has been ever since its inception, there was never a time when it was more needed than now. May you all be inspired to do your part in the great security program of our Church. The eyes of the world are upon us, but with such workers as are to be found in the Relief Society we will not fail. And from the lives of service which you live may joy, and peace come to you all. Sincerely your sister, Augusta W. Grant." (Wife of President Heber J. Grant.)

President May G. Hinckley of the Mission is to be congratulated on the very able manner in which she is carrying on the Relief Society work. A summary of the *Bulletin* indicates a fine suggestive program for summer-time activities and a fine account of the Daughters' Day Celebration, not forgetting the message of Relief Society to all its member organizations to do fitting honor to the Constitution of the United States. Loyalty to this great country of ours is one of the strong appeals that can be made to our women, and a feeling of gratitude for our great blessings, encouraged through this study. There is a very fine appeal to the *Magazine* Agents, and a portion of the space in the *Bulletin* is given to a review of the General Relief Society Conference held in

Salt Lake City April 2 and 3 of this year. Altogether the *Bulletin* is a most inspirational message to the sisters and we feel does much to stimulate them to rise to all the opportunities offered through Relief Society.

Eastern States Mission

FROM Sister Grace S. Colton, of the Eastern States Mission comes a very beautiful report of the many activities of Relief Society. To quote Sister Colton: "Reports from the Mission Relief Societies of this Mission coming in to me have certainly made me rejoice. This year these organizations have accomplished more than any previous year since I have been working with them. They seem now to be eager to have their organization one of the best."

An interesting account in detail of the educational program, including the Scripture reading Project is reported. Daughters' Day met with a very enthusiastic response in Washington, D. C. We feel that the following, which was furnished by Sister Colton, is so concrete and clear a demonstration of the way this beautiful custom may be put into our organization, that we publish the account of it. The regular program was entirely carried out by the daughters.

"The literary lesson for April of the Washington Branch of the Relief Society, was held in the auditorium of the L. D. S. Chapel, and was a continuation of the fascinating study of Carl Sandburg's 'Abraham Lincoln.'

"Introducing Mothers' and Daughters' Day, Mrs. Vera S. King read a delightful poem, written by Ann Jarvis, entitled 'Parents.'

"Gladys Stewart Bennion had charge of the program. Eight young daughters of Relief Society members participated in presenting a charmingly unique resume of the Life of Lincoln; material selected from Mrs. Bennion's thesis: 'The Lincoln Motif in Modern Literature.'

"Marjorie Willey discussed 'Lincoln the Man,' concluding with an original copy of Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln the Commoner.' Ruth Hales touched delightfully upon Lincoln's humor; Renee Overlade took the subject: 'Lincoln and Depression,' while Lucy Beth Cardon emphasized his oratory and qualities that made Lincoln an artist. Barbara Bennion used Lincoln's quotations as a means of interpreting his philosophy, religion and statesmanship. Evelyn Iverson gave an excellent reading of Mrs. Bennion's story of Lincoln entitled: 'A Stranger at the Cross Roads.' This story suggests what is meant by the Lincoln Motif in Literature.

"The musical numbers were 'America the Beautiful,' 'Lincoln,' by Marian Mitchell, from a volume of Churchill gems, and 'America'."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - - President
AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
KATE M. BARKER - - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
JULIA A. F. LUND - - - - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

THE GENERAL BOARD

Jennie B. Knight
Emma A. Empey
Annie Wells Cannon
Lalene H. Hart
Cora L. Bennion
Amy Whipple Evans
Rosannah C. Irvine
Nettie D. Bradford
Elise B. Alder
Ida P. Beal
Marcia K. Howells
Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mary Connelly Kimball
Janet M. Thompson
Belle S. Spafford
Donna Durrant Sorensen
Vivian R. McConkie
Leda T. Jensen
Beatrice F. Stevens
Rae B. Barker
Nellie O. Parker

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Connelly Kimball
Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

VOL. XXIV SEPTEMBER, 1937 No. 9

Editorials

Happiness

"Man is that he might have joy."

IN a day when people were taught that it was unseemly to be joyous, that the blinds should remain drawn to exclude the sunlight on the Sabbath, that laughter desecrated the Lord's Day, and that if one were happy one day he would be miserable the next, came the message, "Man is that he might have joy."

So the restored Gospel emphasizes the importance of being cheerful, of living a happy life. The foundation stone of happiness is trust in God, for calmness, peace, and cheer come to those who trust in the overruling providence of the Father. Again and again was this emphasized in the lives of the Pioneers. No hardships were too difficult, no journey too long, no sorrow too poignant, but what they could relax and be happy in their hope, in their recreation, in their absolute trust. One day a pioneer mother was telling her daughter of the time when flour was so scarce and when their homes were left ready to be burned at the coming of Johnston's army. Her daughter asked, "Didn't you feel terrible?" "I was never happier in my life," she replied. She like Paul had learned the philosophy that underlies happiness. He said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." So when he was persecuted or in prison, or beaten, there was a peace, a happiness that only those who trust in the Lord can feel or understand.

The loving Father intended we should be happy. A noted Doctor has said, "Human life was intended for happiness. If we are not happy, we are using life wrong. Happiness is found in the midst of poverty; happiness has resisted years of unjust misunderstandings. If one is not happy he wrongly blames life; he should scrutinize more deeply his use of it. Parents, teachers, friends, servants, the having or having not, the obtaining or failing, these cannot

make us happy or unhappy save as we determine. Just in so far as we succeed in crowding fourteen hours of happiness into our day, * * * have we succeeded in the business of living."

A friend once asked Hayden why his church music was always so full of gladness. He replied, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon my God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes leap from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit." Commenting on this Van Dyke says, "Pardoned? Nay it will be praised and rewarded. For God looks with approval and man turns with gratitude to everyone who shows by a cheerful life that religion is a blessing for this world and the next." Happiness is vital to our well being. The wise man says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." And Christ's reiterated message is, "Be of good cheer."

DR. DE SCHWEINITZ in his volume "The Art Of Helping People Out Of Trouble" shows the virtue of "wearing the mask of happiness." He tells a story related by Lafcadio Hearn in his Japanese letters, who had a cook who ever wore a smiling, healthy, rather pleasing face. One day, however, as he looked through a little hole in the shoji and saw the cook alone, he noted that his face did not look the same. "It was thin and drawn and showed queer lines worn by old hardship." As he went in the room, again his cook's face looked young and happy, and he said "He wears the mask of happiness as an etiquette."

HOW glorious is the attitude of George Bernard Shaw who looks joyously forward. He says, "I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no 'brief candle' for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

We were surprised to read recently in an article by a well-known writer, "Marriage humanly speaking is a job. Happiness or unhappiness has nothing to do with it." We think happiness or unhappiness has very much to do with the success or failure of the marital tie. Unhappiness depresses, brings illness and a feeling of futility in its wake. Happiness brings health and power of achievement. No marriage can succeed where unhappiness is a frequent visitor or where it abides continually.

In order to be happy avoid melancholy and self-pity. Some dwell on one loss and forget the many treasures they possess. Jacob is not the only one who mourns unduly over the loss of loved ones. "Joseph is not and Simeon is not and ye will take Benjamin also," cried the mourning Patriarch. "All these things are against me. If I am bereft of my children ye will bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

THE effect of the Gospel message is shown when death comes. Instead of putting on the habilament of woe and gloom, people are now wearing their bright clothes. Instead of isolating themselves, they are carrying on their duties with smiling faces.

There is much more to the philosophy of happiness than appears on the surface. Dr. Link says, "As personality expands our happiness

also expands," while Emerson says that happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

While the dictionary says that mental and moral health and freedom from irksome cares are the normal conditions for happiness, many who are beset with trouble, because of their faith in God and their trust in His all-wise providence, move serenely through the ills of life "believing them masked joys." Happiness is vital to our well being and while it is effected by outward things, its source is ever within.

Some Helpful Suggestions

MRS. EFFIE S. BARROWS of the Utah Agricultural College in speaking to Work and Business leaders of Relief Society in Provo gave some most helpful suggestions, which, if carried out, will contribute to the success of this day in our organization.

The first thing she emphasized was punctuality—start and stop on time.

Second, orderly surroundings. Do not have a blackboard with a lot of writing on it before the people so they will look and be wondering when the inscription on it was used and what it was for. Do not have a lot of handwork heaped up on the table. People will wonder when you are going to show it and that it will take too long if you are going to talk about all of it. If you are going to have an exhibit of work, have it in a different room than the lecture hall.

Third, familiarity with the subject, know what you are going to say and be converted to it.

Fourth, be sure the things you teach will be useful in the home. She urged that less fine stitching be put on quilts that are for warmth. She said that when they are so closely stitched they are compressed together so that there is less warmth in them.

Fifth, tell what you are going to tell them, tell or develop it, and tell what you have told them.

Sixth, have something to show or illustrate what you are emphasizing, but do not pass it around while you are giving your talk, otherwise you lose your people.

Seventh, do not attempt to do too much at one session. Leave the group feeling that the subject has not been exhausted.

She urged that each kitchen have a rest and business center, or a home brain center. She demonstrated how feasible this is in practically every kitchen. Packing boxes may be made into a desk, or if there isn't room for this, a board with hinges that can be raised and lowered may be used. Then women could have their writing material in the kitchen and could watch the cooking. This would save much burning, and many more things could thus be accomplished. She pointed out the desirability of having a telephone, a little radio and a clock on this desk.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Lesson III

A Supreme Rule of Life—the Law of Brotherhood

Helpful References

In the New Testament—Matthew 5:39-48; 6:1-4; 7:1-5, 12; 9:10-13; 18:1-15, 21-35; 22:35-39; 23:1-12; Mark 8:36, 37; Luke 10:29-36; 15; Romans 12:10-21; James 1:27.

In the Book of Mormon—Mosiah 2:12-19; 4:13-30.

In the Doctrine and Covenants—Sec. 4:3-6; 38:24, 25, 34, 35.

Smith—*Gospel Doctrine,* Chapter 18.

Talmage — *Articles of Faith,* Chapter 24.

Rall—*The Teachings of Jesus,* Chapters 10, 11.

1. *The Law of Brotherhood One of the Supreme Values.*—In Christ's day as in our own—in fact in every age of the world, men have asked what the largest and greatest things are, whether physical or spiritual. We are prone to ask which is the highest mountain, the tallest building, the longest bridge, and what not. Similarly, in the realm of spiritual values we ask which are greatest. In this lesson it is our purpose to examine Christ's teaching respecting the supreme value of the brotherhood of man.

2. On a certain occasion a lawyer asked the Savior a question. "Master," said he, "which is the greatest commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." (Matthew 22:36-40.) On still another occasion the Christ summed up supreme values in similar vein when He said, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matthew 7:12.)

3. *Brotherhood is not Simply a Relation of Give and Get.*—In our daily relations with men and women we are too prone to be brotherly only with our friends. To love only our friends is more like the law of the jungle than anything else. It is not the type of love taught by the Christ. Dr. Franklin Rall has very appropriately said, "Jesus' hearers did not need to be told what brotherliness was; the trouble lay not in the fact but in the extent. Men limited the practice of brotherhood then just about as they do now, and Jesus points out these limitations. We love, first of all, those that love us. We love our friends. We send gifts at Christmas to those who send gifts to us, and change the day of God's good will into an anxious season of buying and trading. That is not brotherhood, that is simply the old rule of give and take. Brotherhood means grace; it means giving where you do not get." (Matthew 5:38-42.)

4. *Christ's Conception of Brotherliness.*—The Savior pointed out very definitely the kind of relationship that should exist between man and

man. It was to be after the order that exists between God and man. In speaking of this relationship Christ said, "For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?" (Matthew 5:45, 46.) In the Parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15:11-32) the Savior demonstrated in masterly fashion, for the benefit of the Scribes and Pharisees, in what true brotherhood consisted. When the erring son returned home after spending his means in riotous living, his father saw him "when he was yet a great way off" and proceeded to exhibit his love and affection for him. The father did not upbraid him and punish him for his misdeeds. He saw the important thing, namely, that he was able to reclaim a lost son. We cannot help but feel that in this story the Savior meant to portray the action of the father toward the son as the type of feeling that should prevail between all men. How different the feeling exhibited by the son who stayed at home! This son had a mean, hard, critical, and self-centered attitude toward the whole procedure of his father. As Dr. Rall points out, "He does not say, 'My brother,' but 'Thy son.' He drags out the details of his brother's shame, 'who hath devoured thy living with harlots'. He is as little filial in spirit as he is fraternal; he looks upon his father as a kind of taskmaster (verse 29). When he thinks of a possible good time it is 'with my friends', not with his father." Another masterly treatment of this theme is found in the Parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10:30-35). The lawyer who provoked the parable from the lips of Christ had said, "And who is my neighbor?" He might just as well have said, "And who is my brother?" Neighbor and brother are practically synonymous in the thinking of the Savior. The brotherly action of the good Samaritan is not so much brought out in the fact that he bound up the wounds of the man whom he found by the wayside, and whom he brought to an inn, as in the fact that "On the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." (Verse 35.) The good Samaritan was thinking not of the *least* he could do for his brother, but of the *most*. His brotherly act was not finished when he left the inn; it proceeded to operate even in his absence. It was characteristic of the Christ to think of *maximum obligation* rather than of *minimum requirement* which characterized so much of the moral teaching of his contemporaries.

5. *The Worth of Human Souls to God Demands Brotherhood Among Men.*—The human soul is of infinite worth in the eyes of God. Christ pointed that out when He said, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8:36, 37.) In making this statement our Lord did not have reference to man's mere physical existence here or hereafter. He had reference to "his true life as a man and child of God both here and yonder." So precious is even a child that Christ could say, "And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." (Mark 9:42.) The modern scriptures emphasize God's love for man as follows. "Remember the worth of souls is great

in the sight of God. . . And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my father!" So we must conclude that if Christ's teaching means anything at all, if the souls of men are worth so much to God, and if God wants us to be His real sons and daughters, —it logically follows that man must exhibit that same kind of unselfish love toward his brethren that God displays toward him. This is the essence of brotherhood.

Questions

1. What advances in our material culture have made it more possible than ever to practically demonstrate world brotherhood? What is your estimate of the way in which we are taking advantage of them?

2. Has the idea of a world brotherhood made many gains as a result of the World War?

3. How do you think Christ would view the common slogan to the effect that "Large armies and navies will keep us out of war?" (See Doctrine and Covenants 98:15, 16.)

4. In what ways can our missionary system help advance world brotherhood?

5. What problems have you in your community that the Relief Society and priesthood quorums could solve and thus demonstrate a real sense of brotherhood?

Problems

Treat only those that time and circumstances will permit.

1. Ask the superintendent of schools in your district to give you some facts relative to remedial physical defects among the school children. In the light of our lesson what is the duty of your community?

2. In the face of Christ's declaration about the brotherhood of men, explain Matthew 15:24; compare Matthew 10:5, 6.

Teacher's Topic

Optimism of Jesus

"Nothing can replace in our spiritual lives the constant perusal of the Gospels with a view to treasure up the character traits of the Son of God that we may pattern after Him."

"Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God."

"How good is man's life, the mere living!
How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
Forever in joy!"
—Browning.

"Optimism compels the world forward and gives to men the incentive to fight with circumstance. —It is faith that leads to achievement; it is confidence in the present and hope for the future."

OFTEN we class as an optimist one who lives with the delusion that no matter what he or any one else does, everything is certain to come out all right in the end. This is a cheap sort of optimism and is the product of a "shallow brain and stupid heart." Many individuals there are who take refuge from the realities of

life in dreams of good and call themselves optimists. Optimism of this sort is like a house built upon the sand. Then, there is a dangerous optimism of ignorance and indifference where a hopeful outlook upon life is maintained by refusing to know and to see; where evil is ignored and only the good contemplated. How poor, how undesirable this is!

The optimism to be admired and desired is that which rests on a glad belief in the final predominance of good and a willing desire to co-operate with the good that it may prevail. Genuine optimism does not deny the existence of evil, it does not refuse to look at the world's woes, it recognizes the reality and gravity of life, accepting it as something valuable, looking forward with faith and confidence in the power to resist, to change, to meet courageously and to conquer. It does not build cloud castles of happiness but sees life as stern yet worthy, and maintains a hopeful outlook. Real optimism is neither unwilling to face disagreeable facts nor disposed to be daunted by them, however stubborn they may be. Dark things are but a "halt on the way to good." Optimists of this type are not easily discouraged or argued into hopelessness. They face the future with bright anticipation and with confidence in the present and hope for the future. They see the best in everything and everyone and make that best a part of themselves.

The element of optimism in Christ's life was immensely preponderant. He came as a prophet of good with a message of hope. He was not blind to the evils, the sorrows and heart breaks of the world. He was acquainted with suffering. He knew the strength required to grapple with and resist evil. He knew the dark and the bright sides of life and he was never daunted. He constantly exhorted mankind, "Be of good cheer." He comforted his disciples against tribulation with a hopeful outlook. "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Jesus had an abiding faith and confidence in God and taught men to have likewise. He exhorted his disciples, "Have faith in God." This is the secret of real optimism. He who has faith in his Heavenly Father and makes a friend of him, straightway feels glad, brave, and ready for any lot.

Jesus had an unswerving confidence in man. The Gospels are rich with illustrations.

He had confidence in Zacchaeus to repent. Zacchaeus was a rich man, chief among the publicans. When Jesus went to his home the people murmured, saying that he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.

And Zacchaeus stood, and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold.

And Jesus said unto him, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Most mistreated of all men the Master evidenced always faith in human nature. When he saw that men were determined to take his life he said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me! He felt that no matter what cruel things human nature might be guilty of, there was after all, down

deep in the heart, that which would respond to forgiveness and love."

The New Testament though telling us a heart breaking story does not depress us. Its message is of hope, it breathes always, "Be of good cheer."

The L. D. S. religion keeps optimism alive. The confidence and trust which springs from our beliefs makes optimists of us. It gives us a basic confidence in the good destiny of life. Sometimes we become discouraged and ready to falter. In the midst of such feelings we should study the character of the Master. We must maintain confidence in self, in mankind, in life and faith in God. Disheartening though things may be at times we must "Be of good cheer."

References:—Character of Jesus —Jefferson; John 16:33; Mark 11:22; Luke 19:1-10; John 12:32.

Questions

1. Why is optimism that refuses to face realities of life like "a house built upon the sand"?
2. Why is it a dangerous optimism to contemplate only the good?
3. What effect does a study of the life of Christ have upon your optimism?
4. Why may Helen Keller, Jane Addams, Abraham Lincoln be classed as great optimists?

Literature

Lesson III

Sacagawea

USUALLY when a goal has been reached, a story loses interest, but not so with this "Star of the West." Perhaps the reason can be found in the fact that after all it is not a romance but a true story of a noble woman's life. Mrs. Heuston, full to the brim of the Indian woman, keeps her tale at a high level to the very end.

The return trip up the Columbia and over the Rocky Mountains was as difficult as the going over. Eager to get home, the Captains and the men would not wait until the snow had melted from the high mountains. As a result they met with many hardships.

The Indians along the way were not very helpful. Indeed, often they were really dangerous, but the cool courage and watchfulness of the Captains won in the end.

All this time Sacagawea's baby had been growing until on the return trip he became the idol of the entire party. Clark, as well as many of the men, fondled the boy and made a great fuss over him, many of them calling him Pomp or Pompy and not by his own name.

During the long journey and the wait at the foot of the Rockies for the snow to melt, Pomp became ill.

"One day, Sacagawea did not go out into the fields to gather roots. She sat alone in her shelter nursing the child, who was ill and feverish trying in her own way to relieve it, with no effect. When the Captains returned she went to them, not shyly, now, for it was for Pomp she must ask this favor.

"Pomp was teething. The Cap-

tains worked over him giving him what crude medicines they had and poulticing him with boiled onions. They removed the woman and her child to their shelter where they could be more comfortable and where they could look after the idol of the camp. The rough men were all disturbed by the illness and did everything in their power to assist.

"At last Pomp got better.

" 'Were you afraid he would die, Janey?' Clark asked when Pomp was out of danger.

" 'No,' she said simply. 'I felt sad that the child had pain, but I knew you would make him well.' "

So implicit was the Bird-Woman's faith in the Captains and especially in the Red Head, nothing seemed impossible for them to do. As she told her brother, "They know everything."

When the party had safely recrossed the great Saw-Tooth Range of mountains which lies along the border of Idaho and Montana and had camped once more at Traveler's Rest, it was decided that the party should separate; a part of it was to go with Lewis upon an exploration of the Marias River country and a part to go with Clark to explore the Yellowstone, the two companies to meet at the confluence of the Yellowstone and the Missouri.

Since Lewis was going into a dangerous territory, he called for volunteers. Nearly every man in the company responded, but he selected from their number to be his companions Drouillard, Reuben and Jo Fields, Warner, Frazier, and Sergeant Gass.

It was decided that Charbonneau should accompany Clark.

"And Sacagawea?"

"Sacagawea's eyes were wistful. 'I would like much,' she said, 'to go to the great river of the Yellow Rocks. My nation goes there often. I should like that.' "

Clark remonstrated with her kindly as he thought it would be better for her to go as far as the Great Falls with Lewis and there have a good rest while the men prepared the boats for the river again. "It is a long and hazardous trip I am undertaking," Clark said to her. "We may run short of food. We may find great danger from the Crows in that region."

"Sacagawea's dark eyes were shining. 'Was I ever afraid?' she asked simply.

"Clark smiled. 'Never. All right, if you wish it, you may come with me.' "

And she went. Indeed, the little Bird-Woman would have gone through fire with the Red Head.

With Clark went twenty men including York, Sacagawea, and the child, Pomp.

"Clark was in high spirits. Riding up beside Sacagawea, he tickled the baby on the chin.

" 'Hi, Pomp!' he said. 'Off on a long trip with the Red Head, eh?'

"Sacagawea flushed with pleasure at the friendly gesture. 'He likes riding,' she admitted.

" 'Riding! He's a lazy young rogue! When does he not ride? If no horse is allotted him, has he not always his devoted mother?' "

The following day was July 4, 1806. The party celebrated the occasion by enjoying a sumptuous meal of deer meat.

As they rode along on this journey, Clark plied the Indian woman with questions about the country. The intelligent squaw was able to identify the region and especially the mountain peaks and passes.

They finally arrived at the head

of the Jefferson River where they had left one of their richest cache's of supplies. Here Captain Clark divided his party again, one part to follow their old trail down to the Great Falls where they were to join with some of Lewis's men, and the others to go with him down the unexplored Yellowstone. Here again, thinking of her own good, Clark tried to induce Janey to go with the men the easier way telling her that his way might be very dangerous. But once again she plead with him saying that she would like to see the River of the Yellow Rocks.

"Janey, it will be a hard trip," he warned her. . . . "If you go down to the falls with the canoes you can wait for us there and get a rest."

"I am not tired," she said simply.

Clark smiled. "Janey, you shall go. You are the first man in my party."

As always, Sacagawea proved to be Clark's best "man." Knowing the country from memory of her childhood she led him unerringly through passes which he might have had difficulty in finding.

At last they reached the Yellowstone and started down that river. On July 25, 1806, they camped beside a great pillar which they called Pompy's Tower naming it after the little half-breed Indian boy, pride of the camp. (See in connection with this name Mrs. Heuston's note in the Appendix.) On top of this pillar Clark carved him name: "William Clark, July 25, 1806."

"Six hundred and thirty-six miles Clark and his band, six men and Sacagawea, descended the Yellowstone in their lashed canoes; but arriving at the appointed rendezvous found the mosquitoes so thick they could neither hunt nor dress skins for clothing."

They pushed on and were joined by Lewis farther down the Missouri. Mrs. Heuston gives a graphic account of Lewis's adventures, but since Sacagawea, subject of our lessons, was with Clark, it will not be necessary for the class to follow Lewis unless they wish to do so.

On August 14, 1806, after having been "Where no man had ever been before," the little party once more reached the Mandan towns from which they had started their journey more than a year earlier. They were accorded a great reception, but to at least two people, the home-coming was not all happiness. Captain Clark was troubled about the fate of Janey and her little son both of whom he had come to regard tenderly, and Sacagawea was sad because of the parting from the Red Head, which was inevitable, and the return from being a respected guide and interpreter to a slave-wife of a worthless cruel fellow.

Clark's "leave-taking" of Sacagawea was brief. Sacagawea's face was pale, like ivory deepened by time, no longer shining rosy and copper. Her patient eyes were without light. But she had no complaint. She asked nothing.

"Janey," he said gently, "I am very sorry to leave you in this place. You are a great soul. I regret that you must return to that slavery. I wish you could continue with us. . . ."

"*Mon homme* will not go," she said quietly. "Life does those things."

Charbonneau bustled up. "Quick, Chienne (dog)," he said, "bring my pack and my robes. It is time for going."

"Janey," Clark said, "when the time comes, urge him to send Pomp to me. I will be good to him. I will have him taught many things. Make Charbonneau do this."

"I will try," she said.

With the child she took upon her back Charbonneau's bags and blankets, his tools and skins.

She smiled back at Clark a grave, unshining smile.

"Ordway, send a man to carry that stuff to the village for the poor soul."

Unable to endure the sight, he moved away. Sacagawea, turning for one last look at the beloved Red Head, could not find him. With a smile for the past, a sigh for the future, she trudged quietly up to the town after Charbonneau.

William Clark was not soon to forget the Indian woman who had been so important during their expedition, or the little boy, Pomp, who had been the idol of the camp.

The picture Mrs. Heuston paints of Sacagawea in St. Louis in the home of the beloved Red Head and his white wife, is pathetic and might well be read in class in order that the sad beauty of the picture might not be marred. The sad yet happy story of Sacagawea's death is also beautifully told—dramatically told. The last pages of the book might well be read in their entirety.

In concluding these lessons, it would be well to review the art found in the book "Star of the West." The author has taken some crude journals and a journey over the old trails and has succeeded in reconstructing a personality that has the right to be known and loved by all those who love loyal and brave hearts. There will be those who will say that Mrs. Heuston has romanticized too much; that she has taken too many liberties with the facts available, yet I am sure readers of the book will find themselves championing her efforts.

The quotations in this lesson
From *Star of the West*
By Ethel Hueston, Copyright 1935,
Used by Special Permission of the
Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Suggestions For Class Work

1. Follow on a map the return journey of the adventurers. If any one in the class has followed any part of the trail, she might be asked to give personal experiences.

2. To what incident does Clark refer in his last speech—"plenty of potatoes?"

3. What is a savage? Review Clark's statements to his wife near the close of chapter twenty-one. Was Sacagawea's son one?

4. Has Sacagawea a right to a place of honor among women? If so, upon what are your arguments based?

5. Do you consider Mrs. Heuston a good writer? If so, why? If not, why not? How do you rate the book?

Social Service

Lesson III

Public Opinion and Propaganda

Text: "Civic Sociology," by Edward A. Ross, Chapter XXIX.

THE field of public opinion is a very fertile ground for propaganda, but the most intelligent thinking is based upon calm consideration of all phases of a given question. Serious opinion is not the product of the careless views which are freely expressed by the man in the street. One should neither take catch-penny phrases for such, nor think he is contributing to the solution of a problem by himself joining in such conversation.

However, opinions, ideas, and behavior are the results of human contacts and associations, and moral ideals are greatly influenced in the same way. Because people are so responsive to the opinions of others, the field of public opinion is a very fertile ground for propaganda. The majority of the common thought patterns of the day are founded upon this principle. Propaganda is constantly being spread through the various channels of expression in modern life. Mental laziness tends toward its unquestioned acceptance. But sound ideas and logical methods of arriving at conclusions are vital to social welfare.

The customs and institutions under which we live are constantly changing. Naturally the changes will be directed by those people who are capable of independent thought in so far as the limiting factors of the change do not interfere with the desired course of action. There have always been methods of propaganda through which powerful minds could work. Invention has made the modern world a particularly apt field for the widespread diffusion of concerted plans of action. Indeed we can almost talk over the fence of another nation's backyard our present means of comunication by radio and telephone is so handy. "All the world is a neighborhood" is truly an apt slogan.

Some leaders use their power for the good of society, but many do not. Most followers fail to recognize propaganda as such, and are therefore unaware that they are being used to further some particular interest. Often those who are aware of the fact do not resist it because they are too lazy, or they are afraid of adverse criticism for opposing the prevailing ideas or customs of the times.

Therefore, it is very necessary to call attention to the need for intelligent thought and deliberation upon any policy of life, whether private or public, before action is taken or opinions are formed. In this lesson the following points will be discussed:

1. Each individual should strive to acquire the habit of securing all the facts upon public questions before forming an opinion in regard to them.

2. Opinions should be drawn from fact and not from propaganda.

Propaganda is the deliberate spreading of a doctrine or principle through concerted action in order to shape public opinion. It may be insidious in its working. The influence is often subtle, and

generally it is not recognized by the mass.

However, true democratic government is dependent upon the intelligent opinions of its citizens. Originally the information which served as a basis for the forming of opinions upon matters of public interest was presented directly to the people at the town meetings. Opinions were derived from interpretations and conclusions which were the result of due consideration and mutual discussion of the problems. This system possessed many elements of safety, and it contributed to the development of logical thought and well balanced judgment.

But naturally it was suited only to the simplest form of society. Today the instructions for governmental procedure and the carrying out of its wishes may be given either directly or through any one of many possible methods. But these methods of carrying out the governmental wishes are often used to serve individual purposes.

Dictators are apt to assume control of all methods of communication in their own countries. People who live under them are practically forbidden to express any private opinions upon public matters. It is even dangerous to form them lest one should think out loud. Personal initiative is largely forbidden. Laws, the levying of taxes, and the issuing of decrees originate from a single source.

It is also true that the opportunity for acquiring knowledge of the basic facts of every day situations in countries where a large measure of individual freedom exists has become greatly diminished. It is difficult to form logical opinions upon public questions. Personal contacts are seldom made in town meetings. Frank discussion of ideas has disappeared to a large extent, because such means of communication as the radio make it very easy for the propagandists to do all the talking. Their ideas are so dramatically presented to the public that the public does not stop to question the value of the ideas, and the mass of people is so nearly powerless to counter with opposing opinions that the effort to do so is seldom made.

Advertising is made almost irresistibly attractive. Here it is also very difficult to secure the facts which are necessary to the forming of logical conclusions. In a country where the agencies of publicity have been multiplied as manifoldly as they have in the United States, the securing of facts should be an easy matter. But the agencies are too largely controlled by private interests to make this possible. Only that part of any idea which fosters favorable reactions to the interest which has subsidized the means of comunication reaches the public by means of the press or the radio.

Well informed individuals on a given subject are not those who generally publicize the facts of the case.

Newspapers are usually owned by corporations which regulate the interpretation of the news according to their own interests. Separate and apart from the interests of the owners of the papers, an advertiser who spends enormous sums of money on the advertising of his business will not give his publicity work to any medium which publishes information which is detrimental to his affairs and interests. Magazines

are likewise owned by special causes and are thus devoted to them. The radio sells its time for private purposes. And the motion picture industry caters to popular opinion.

Each agency has its own board of censorship which usually sifts the facts which pertain to its interests according to a predetermined point of view.

Under all these circumstances it is difficult to form unbiased public opinion.

In order that the public may know who is doing the thinking that is back of the ideas which are presented to the public, or who is responsible for them, and also that the public may know the specific person or agency who is the means of utterance, there is a law which requires that the true ownership of each newspaper and magazine must be published, the author or sponsor of every radio talk must be announced, and the purchasers of all advertising space must be made known.

A similar law holds true in its respective way in regard to the hundreds of thousands of products which are offered for sale, because public opinion is as fertile a field for propaganda which is offered by the salesman of goods as for the projector of ideas.

But relatively few people seek information in regard to either matter. They do not investigate, nor do they question what is offered. They are prone to accept, and a great body of public opinion is thus formed which is never weighed in relation to the best good of both private and public interests.

Our attitudes upon strikes and other industrial problems are very apt to be the result of the propaganda to which the public is exposed. Each participating party in such controversies deliberately spreads information which supports its own contentions, while those which serve the opposing force are withheld.

Public opinion upon international questions is largely determined by propaganda.

The mutual hatred of nations during war times is the result of this influence. Only those facts which support their own nation are given to belligerents. Those which are opposed are strictly withheld, as is all fairness of opinion in regard to the combatants.

The recent Italian advance upon the Ethiopians was facilitated for the Italians by the propaganda that was spread among the Ethiopians in regard to the great rewards which the latter would receive as an award for deserting their own ruler and joining the Italian cause.

During the World War both the Allies and the Central Powers spread information among their own nations which caused intense hatred of the opposing nations and much misinformation and misunderstanding as to the cause of the war. Probably the most deadly effect of all propaganda during war times is the horrible influence which is exerted upon a nation's own citizens. Hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of men lay down their lives in the flaming spirit of war when the torch has been lighted for no other purpose than the selfish motives of munitions magnates and seekers of greater and yet greater sovereign power. Potentates have it within their power to stir up international hatreds in the name of patriotism, and they are not adverse to using all the propaganda within their means to do so, as history

so sadly points out. When war results, countless numbers of men actually lay down their precious lives to no other cause than selfishness and hatred. Parenthood, talent, scientific discovery is thus lost to the world. It is irreparable.

The stories of religious persecutions of past generations furnish excellent examples of the insidious nature of propaganda. Our own church has suffered from this cause. False information has been deliberately spread with a conscious effort to form public opinion against the church and its members. The unfairness of such unprincipled action is clearly recognizable, yet it is a rather common occurrence to find the same type of work being applied to the problems of the day.

The greatest example in all history of the dire consequences of concerted action against an individual is the Jewish demand for the condemnation of Christ. Pilate realized that the Messiah was guilty of no offence, but as a result of the planned actions of Jesus' enemies, he was allowed no alternative as a result of the trial than to pronounce the awful sentence of crucifixion. It is true that Christ's agony was part of the Scriptural plan, but that does not alter the fact that His suffering was the result of propaganda.

On the other hand, Peter's denial of his Savior is probably the most dramatic illustration in the world of the weakness of giving in to the ruling spirit of propaganda instead of defending a person or the conviction of right in the face of concerted action.

What can be done to foster more intelligent public opinion?

People must be taught to seek all the available facts which bear upon any important situation. Opinions should be based upon a consideration of all points of view. A demand should be made for accurate and all-embracing views on public matters. It is important to realize how difficult it is to get at such facts, but the habit of withholding judgment until one has arrived at them should be cultivated. It should be borne in mind that special interests are always seeking support for their own causes, and that public support is a very effective weapon against misrepresentation. It could be so used if the public would rise to the occasion. The public has a right to the facts of a case and to a knowledge of all sides of a question in return for its support. After all, subsidies and democracies are dependent for their very life upon public favor. Conclusions in regard to any given subject should be based upon intelligent and unbiased opinions.

From the foregoing it is evident that each individual should strive to acquire the habit of seeking all possible knowledge before arriving at conclusions. He should learn to detect specialized interests in public announcements and advertising. His opinions should be drawn from facts and not from propaganda. He should learn to recognize propaganda. And he should be unashamed to declare himself in favor of the right in so far as he is able to recognize governing and spiritual laws.

Activities

1. Relate some incident in the early history of our Church where members have been persecuted. See if you can acount for the per-

secution by propaganda which has been spread among the persecutors.

2. Determine the ownership of the newspapers in your home town. From the knowledge of the ownership can you detect any policy which the paper would be bound to carry out because of its ownership?

Literature for Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

MAGDALENA STRAUBHAAR SCHWENDIMAN

Born in Switzerland

LET us go again to the continent of Europe for the subject of this lesson. Out of the thousands of lives found there suitable for our purpose we have chosen that of Magdalena Strubhaar Schwendiman. Switzerland was her native land, and she first saw light in a humble home nestled in the shadows of the mighty Alps and amid some of the most attractive natural scenery found out-of-doors in a little mountain village. It was October 11, 1845, that her mother gave her birth. Her father had previously died, and before long her mother did also, leaving the little girl to the care of relatives.

This position of dependency she began to sense and wanted to overcome as soon as possible. Thus she early exhibited the quality of self-reliance that was later so helpful to her. She soon obtained employment in a high-class tourist resort, an attractive hotel situated near the top of a mountain. Here she met many people from all parts of the world and made many friends. Her pleasing personality attracted their attention and many of them corresponded with her for years afterward. Her influence radiated a warmth and kindness to all whom she met, and they said to know her was to love her.

She was religiously inclined from birth, believed in prayer and had an abiding faith in the divine guidance of our Heavenly Father. To Him were attributed all her successes and achievements and good fortune through life. She had many offers to marry in wealth and luxury, but her ambition was not for wealth. She preferred and longed for a humble and wholesome home in which to rear a family, and a life's companion who did not use liquor nor tobacco. Young men of this type were very few at that time. But she became acquainted with one such, Samuel Schwendiman. Their ideals were much alike and their early friendship developed in later years into love. In 1871 they were married, and to this happy union six sons were born by the year 1884.

The wife realized her responsibility and was indeed an ideal mother. Her greatest desire was to see her sons grow up to be honorable and useful men. She endured many hardships and made many sacrifices, but it was all a privilege to her. Her whole life was given in service to her family and her friends. She was a

natural leader and many were made happier by following her teaching and example. Her home was ruled by love and kindness and her wishes were readily carried out, because they were always reasonable, true and right. She was very fond of quoting bits of poetry, and the following is one of her favorites which portrays her noble ideals:

"Live always true and right, from the cradle to the grave,
And never swerve a finger's width from the ways that God us gave."

It was in 1884 that the family first heard the sound of the true Gospel from the lips of two Mormon Elders. Having read the scriptures they soon discovered the follies in the teachings of the church to which they had belonged. They welcomed and readily accepted the true Gospel message. They were eager to be baptized, the ordinance taking place secretly before daylight on one of the coldest nights of the Winter, January 23. The snow was deep, and they had to walk a long distance through it to a stream. Here they had to break ice two feet thick to reach the water in which to be immersed.

When the news of the baptism got out there was considerable excitement among their friends and relatives. They noticed that the time for sprinkling the youngest son had passed and nothing was being done about it, and they really believed that the poor babe would be damned and lost forever. As is often the case, the mother got most of the blame for this imaginary neglect. Even her nearest friends turned against her, and what was a severe trial, her father's relatives accused her for leading him astray in joining the hated Mormons. But in reply she quoted scripture and preached to them. A few of them finally accepted the Gospel. Many times she was warned not to entertain the Elders, but she had implicit faith that the Lord would protect them from serious trouble, and continued to invite them, for she always felt that all she did for them she did unto the Lord.

Many unpleasant situations arose and while persecution was not severe the majority of their former friends now looked upon the Schwendimans as deserters of the faith of the protestant church. About two years after accepting the true Gospel an urgent desire came upon them to emigrate to the Rocky Mountains where holy Temples were being erected and where the family could be sealed together for time and eternity. Disposing of their belongings involved much sacrifice, but by May 1886 all were ready for the journey to America. Again the mother was blamed for this move, which neighbors and relatives thought a most absurd thing, leaving a comfortable home, going into a strange land among strange people. They told her that her little babe would never survive the hard trip, but he did.

They crossed the Atlantic in an old steamship which sank on its return trip. The family went to Idaho because of missionary acquaintances, settling in Paris, Bear Lake County, the latter part of June. The country at that time was uninviting compared with Switzerland. The first few years were nothing but trials and hardships. However, the parents were never discouraged. At the first opportunity they went to the Lo-

gan Temple and did their temple work and also that of several of their dead. This work brought them great joy. Another blessing and satisfaction to the parents was the fact that their boys were ordained and advanced in the Priesthood as fast as they became old enough, and became active in Church work.

Just now as the family were so happy and all was going well, a great sorrow came to them. The father took suddenly ill and passed away on July 31, 1894. Though grief-stricken the mother and her family of six boys decided to carry on as best they could, confident that the Lord would not desert them. In accordance with plans made before the death of the father, the family moved over into the Snake River Valley, where opportunities seemed better, the mother doing her part most nobly. It was a hard task once more to leave a home and friends and go to help pioneer a new part of the country, more so for this grief-stricken mother with a family of boys to raise. Her steadfast faith in the Lord and knowing that He doeth all things well, gave her renewed courage and strength to say, "Thy will be Done." Indeed, she often smiled through tears, and ever looked forward to a brighter day.

In the new location she at once joined the Ward Relief Society, did much effective ward teaching and helped to relieve the suffering of the sick and distressed. She always preferred to give service unnoticed and without praise. She lived to see her wish fulfilled that her sons might all be married in the House of the Lord, and be faithful and valiant servants in building up the Church. She also rejoiced to see a Family Organization effected whereby her descendants might be able to do more efficient and successful genealogical and temple work. All this was accomplished through her counsel, encouragement, untiring efforts for which she was admired by all.

Grandma Schwendiman, as she was familiarly called in later years by all, was always very optimistic. She looked for the good in everything and in everybody, and was never known to complain. She was a good singer and a lover of music. Her happiest moments were when she was singing the little ones to sleep or humming a tune while working. She was also a lover of outdoors, of flowers, and always had a beautiful flower garden. Her flowers brought joy and brightness to many homes and church services.

Thrift, economy and good house management were part of her very nature. One of the many maxims she taught and practiced was "Waste not, want not." Visitors at her home were always urged to stay for a meal, in fact, she usually insisted that they do so. There was always a jar full of cookies ready to treat the children who called to see her. They also enjoyed her songs and interesting stories.

A characteristic was her ability to use every moment of time to good advantage. During her life she developed an unusual memory through study, memorizing many choice poems, songs, the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables of the Savior, and also many Proverbs and Psalms. This proved to be a most valuable blessing to her during the last four years of her life, because her eyesight failed her so she was unable to read and because of an injury by falling,

she was unable to walk. But she was still happy, being able to entertain herself by reciting the things she had learned and by telling them to her visitors who always loved to hear them. Her six sons often visited her and sang together the good old songs she loved so well. Also her grandchildren loved to sing and play for her, and in turn she would thrill them all with her choice selections.

She lived just 49 years after she joined the Church, and her testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel in all that time never wavered. Her descendants now number 6 sons, 34 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren, and so far, have 24 years of foreign missionary work to their credit besides filling numerous responsible positions at home. Among them are stake officers, bishops and counselors, choir leaders, genealogical and auxiliary officers, teachers and missionaries.

An extraordinary and faith-promoting incident occurred which her son relates as follows: "A loving friend and neighbor and faithful sister in the Church, who had passed away a few years previously, appeared to mother one quiet night, sat on the side of the bed and conversed with her; and among many other things said that she would call back for her in two weeks. Mother spoke of this visit and conversation repeatedly, looked forward and longed for the time to come because she felt that her time here was finished, and she knew there was a place awaiting her on the other side where she might again labor and accomplish good. In exactly two weeks from that hour, the early morning of January 24, 1933, at Sugar City, Idaho, without suffering, she passed silently away into a peaceful slumber in her 88th year."

Questions for Discussion

1. Why was it easy to convert Sister Schwendiman to Mormonism?
2. Give reasons for believing she had a strong faith in God.
3. Give reasons for believing she was self-reliant. Why was this quality helpful to her?
4. What were her chief qualities? Give reasons for your answer.
5. Why did people like her? Answer fully.
6. State why she was an excellent mother.
7. Give reasons for the statement "She was blest in her descendants."
8. She wanted to live alone in her old age. Why?
9. She believed in the "universality of the plan of salvation." How did she show this?
10. She lived a very successful life. State reasons for believing it.
11. She was a noble woman. Give reasons.

Child Guidance

Lesson III

Children's Lies

INACCURATE statements are often made by children because their original observations are not correct. This type of misstatement is, of course, innocent and should never be called lying. The child, as

his mental ability grows, should be helped in a kindly way to observe more accurately.

Children should be taught early the usefulness of being able to see and remember things as they are—not as they would like them to be. Just as the "wish is often the mother of the thought," so do wishes influence a person in *what* he sees and what he *cares* to remember. Much confusion and unpleasantness arise among people from their inability to see and remember things as they are rather than as they interpret them emotionally or in terms of their biases and prejudices. Do we not all see many domestic arguments arise from this very fault which keeps us from seeing and remembering events as other people do?

Far more serious than inaccurate observation and memory is the willful warping of the truth. A variety of motives may underly this type of misbehavior. First, there is the *fantastic lie* which may be conscious to the child, although it frequently arises simply from his unconscious confusion between reality and his imaginary world. Perfectly preposterous tales are often told by children about their great acts of daring, conquest, or nobility. We might think of such tales as being an expression of a "will to power" that is beginning to arise in the child at a stage of development at which the power itself is not yet present. When the child lacks true distinction among his playmates, he may assume superiority in his exaggerated statements about what he has done. This gratifies the desire for superiority when true superiority is not within his reach. Care is taken in telling his tales, that the listeners have little chance to check up on his inaccuracy; and often the poor comprehension of the children who listen permits the most extreme type of false statements.

Bragging becomes particularly common during puberty and early adolescence, although it is frequently found in younger children. We have all heard children carry on conversations similar to this:—

Eddie: "We've got the mumps down at our house and you oughta' see Jane."

Billy: "Well that's nothing. We've had them too and we've had the measles and whooping cough besides."

Any mark of distinction, even the "mumps," may be the starting point for bragging in small children; but during adolescence bragging usually expresses wishes and ambitions for the future. As the individual grows into full-fledged adulthood emotionally and socially, bragging is usually eliminated or so carefully worded that it can scarcely be detected. The achievement of attainable goals and the discarding of impossible ones eliminates to a large extent the need for bragging as a form of rivalry in adults.

Bragging may persist, however, as may other types of exaggeration and fanciful misstatements. Often in adults these habits persist at great disadvantage to the person, particularly bragging because it thrives on deflating the ego of the listener, and this is always unpleasant to him. Fantasy, day-dreaming and uncontrolled imagination may persist in a child and contribute to his living in a world detached from reality, so common in people of artistic temperament. Frequently this detachment from reality leads to failure in practical situations and should be discouraged in the average child.

Of more serious significance than the types heretofore discussed is the *protective* or *defensive* lie because it is generally associated with other

kinds of misconduct. The motivation is vastly different from that in the previous types of misstatements. Parents should take special care not to teach their children early in life that lying pays, and telling the truth "gets a licking." When a child has stolen something, confesses and is promptly whipped, truth-telling is punished, not stealing. The effect of punishment, as a previous lesson brought out, tends to fall on the most immediate circumstance surrounding the punishment. Frequently, parents put a child through "third degree" to make him confess a truth he has evaded or withheld, and then they promptly thrash him. Lies would seldom be told if parents could "keep in" with their children and understand their motives. See what the child's needs are and help him to find the right ways of satisfying them. If a child accidentally breaks something, don't punish him so severely that next time he will hide the pieces and deny knowing anything about it. Teach him to be careful, but for a broken vase don't break his character by making him lie about it. The worst aspect of defensive lies is that they indicate that the parent has lost the confidence of the child.

Some defensive lies are merely protections against invasions of a child's privacy. Parents should not be too "prying" into all that their children do. A child can make mistakes, be justly sorry and learn the lesson without the mother's asking for a review of the details of the whole unpleasant circumstance.

If the need of the child in telling fantastic lies is to inflate or expand his ego, then the need which leads to defensive lies is the protection of the ego against deflation or letting down. They are aimed at saving one's face. *Malicious lies* are generated by the most unsocial of all motives. These lies are aimed at the destruction of another person and are perhaps the most common and persistent form in adults. Exaggeration of the faults of other people, telling—with additions—tales about the misconduct of our neighbors (usually competitors); repeating remarks, made innocently by one, to another person in a different setting so as to arouse animosity toward the first person—are samples of malicious lies. They range all the way from slight perversions of truth to outright manufacture of scandal. Malicious lies are serious because they are all motivated by a desire, often concealed even to the person telling them, to destroy or harm someone else. We usually find this kind of lying associated with other social faults such as pride, selfishness, jealousy, and bitter rivalry. When even an adult is a victim of one of these emotional states, the truth literally betrays his eyes, and if he *wants* to know and speak only the truth he sometimes cannot.

In children, malicious lies indicate that the child needs to be taught to regard the rights of others to live and be happy. Teach the child how much more happiness he can gain through contributing to the happiness of others than in detracting from it. Teach cooperative effort, not rivalry; friendliness, not antagonism. Proper emotional satisfaction is essential to prevent the child from growing bitter. Neglected children have been found to be more deceitful in almost every respect than normal children are. Malicious lies thrive in hate-ridden homes, where rivalry and selfishness are found and where punishment is harsh and unjust, where praise for good deeds never passes over the dinner table. Mothers should guard their tongues when children are present. Little do they think that malign-

ing the character of a neighbor or relative may lead the child who listens to do likewise to his playmates or his competitors in the home.

Truth telling is necessary among old and young people because it keeps one's word good. Lies seem convenient and useful to the child, but the price is that lying destroys the communicating power of his language. He may want someone to believe him some time and they will not, even though he may be telling the truth. We discount a person's word accordingly as we learn how untruthful he is. Mark Twain made a great reputation for his fantastic lies. His mother replied when asked if she took any stock in his astonishing tales of adventure, "Oh, yes, I know his average. I discount him ninety per cent. The rest is pure gold."

Parents can hardly expect their children to never pervert the truth when they themselves tell all manner of "white lies" in the presence of the children. Mothers sometimes keep the fathers from knowing all they do, and the fathers are equally guilty. Warnings to children not to tell the other parent certain things is a vicious influence which can do nothing but promote evasiveness and untrustworthiness in the children.

In the opposite direction, there is another danger parents should guard against; that is making a child overconscientious about the "letter" of truth with no respect to the "spirit." Children need not tell everyone they meet all that is asked of them, nor should they be taught that strict accuracy of statement is always the truth. Truth depends upon conveying the right impression, not in simply saying the right words. A child attempts her first piano demonstration in public. The music is obviously poor as music. A tactless older sister says, "It didn't sound much like music to me. You had better practice a while before you make a fool of yourself again." Perhaps the younger one did feel like a "fool," and the older sister may have made accurate observations on the quality of the music; but she did not tell the truth because she gave the child the wrong impression, that is, that her earnest effort and pluck were not worthy of praise.

Circumstances force well-behaved children to sometimes deviate from the "letter" of truth. If the child is naturally very conscientious, too much emphasis on strict literalness of statement may cause great distress when the "letter" cannot be followed. Some children can easily be made too conscientious about most everything, and great care should be taken in teaching such a child in order to avoid making him feel sinful, even if he should tell a real lie.

Problems for Discussion

1. Describe and illustrate from your experience three distinct kinds of lies. Point out what motive underlies each.
2. What is usually wrong with the home situation of a child who tells malicious or destructive lies?
3. What danger can you see in the persistence of fantastic lies beyond early adolescent years?
4. Point out some disciplinary errors parents make which force children to lie? Indicate ways these errors can be corrected.
5. How can you reconcile tactfulness with truthfulness?

The Boy and the Cigarette

A radio talk given over KSL, May 4, 1937, by Francis W. Kirkham, former Utah State Director of Vocational Education, and recently Director of the National Child Welfare Association of New York.

I OFTEN pick up boys on the highway. "You have a fine clean face and an intelligent look," I said to the young man who entered my car, "I am sure you are a high school graduate and returning home to enter college."

"You are right," he said, "I graduated from High School when I was 17. My father is dead and I work to help support the family. I want to go to the Brigham Young University this year, if possible."

We chatted together but finally I said, "I suppose you did not use cigarettes while you were in high school?"

"You are right," was the reply, "but I have been smoking some since."

I then said to him, "I sometimes drink soda water and eat candy because these have a pleasant taste to me and satisfy my thirst and normal appetite for sweets. I suppose the cigarette tastes good to you?"

"No they don't taste good. I detested the first one I used. A cigarette has no taste, it is only a habit."

"Probably they benefit you in some way, add to your health or vigor."

"Naw!" he replied, "They harm me, I know that."

"Well, probably you would rather have cigarettes than other things you could buy for yourself with the same money?"

"Wrong again, I prefer to go to movies, buy clothes, take my girl to a party and many other things."

"Probably, then, you are spending your money for cigarettes out of sympathy, to help the manufacturer."

"You are surely digging it into me," he replied.

"So this is the situation, you don't like them, they harm you, you would rather have other things for yourself for the money you spend for them and the fellow who makes cigarettes does not need your money. That looks like dumbell work," and he agreed. Then I said, "Don't smoke again until you smoke with me."

I stopped for another lad at another time of about the same age to give him a ride. He was saturated with cigarette odor. "Please take the back seat" I asked him, "The odor you carry is very offensive to me." He seemed chagrined. "What is wrong," he asked timidly. "My boy, you are a slave to the cigarette. You have so much nicotine in you now that forever you will first buy cigarettes before you buy food or clothes. Your educational future is blank. You are nervous and irritable. Your chances to marry the girl of your choice is very poor. "But I can stop when I want to," he hastened to say. "No not now—probably a year or two ago, you could." "If you had not smoked before you were twenty-one, possibly, but, now, never, you are a slave. The cigarette commands you and you obey, for he whips you until you do."

Before he left me, he said he would quit. I gave him my address and said to him, "As an acknowledgment of my kindness in giving you this ride, write me a letter when you have not smoked for two months. He did not send the letter.

Another boy rode with me on his way to his home in Midvale. There was no odor of tobacco with him. He was alert, active and was making a fine record in High School. "You do not smoke," I said to him. "That is correct," he replied.

Last year several hundred Utah boys from L. D. S. Scout Troops were at Rochester, New York. They called at the great Eastman Kodak factory. While assembled in a room preparatory to the visit, the person in charge of the tour through the factory, addressed them as follows:

"Boys, this is a great factory with thousands of people employed. The hazard of fire is great, we shall, therefore, ask you to leave your cigarettes and matches on the tables in this room until you return."

There was a deep silence and pause. No one advanced toward the table. The guide repeated his message, "Boys, I am in real earnest. We must insist that you leave your matches and cigarettes in this room while you are in the factory."

Then a boy answered, "We are Boy Scouts from Utah. We do not smoke." That is the reason no one advanced toward the tables. The account of this incident spread throughout the factory and the city.

A father and his son of ten years, were companions, chums, playing, riding together. One evening at the fireside, the boy said as he watched "his daddy," "Daddy when will I be old enough to smoke?" A long pause and this answer—"When you see your daddy smoke again."

It's a joy to get up in a home heated with

NATURAL GAS

The extra half-hour's sleep—with no furnace to start—gives you more pep and energy for the day's work. The bathroom is warm for your shave and shower; the bedroom is warm for dressing; the kitchen and dining room are warm for breakfast—all without thought or effort on your part.

GAS HEAT means a WARM HOME morning, noon and night!

Install it NOW! Convenient Terms

MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY

36 South State

Serving 21 Utah Communities

Wasatch 1300

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

PEERLESS LAUNDRY

For Health and Convenience

Snow White Clothes

□ □ □

1184 East 21st South — Hyland 2182

Complete Suits for Men and Women—Children's Clothing a Specialty

Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone and Telegraph Orders

Temple and Burial Clothes

Variety of Grades and Prices

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Open Daily—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone Wasatch 3286 — **29 Bishop's Building**

Salt Lake City, Utah

Arden Milk

PURE AT THE SOURCE

FAITH

You can't see your milk produced. You can not see the various steps by which it comes from the farm to your door-step in clean, shining bottles.

Arden Dairy has an excellent reputation. We feel keenly that it is a serious responsibility to supply you with pure milk. So Arden Milk is good milk, because it is the product of a good organization.

ARDEN DAIRY

W. T. GRANT CO.

241 South Main Street

Summer Weather—You'll Want Comfort!

No meals to cook over a hot stove these weeks of summer if you'll plug into an electric outlet some of these handy electric appliances:

TOASTERS—EGG COOKERS—BROILERS—WAFFLE IRONS—SANDWICH MAKERS AND HANDY GRILLS

UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

Compliments

....of....

S. H. KRESS & CO.

5-10-25c Store

257-9 Main Street Salt Lake City

ZCMI

invites you to spend a delightful hour at their

Weekly Book Review

Conducted by Constance Osmond Bunnell

Each Monday at 2 p. m.

Presenting books of new and lasting importance selected from our complete stock of fascinating biographies, modern fiction, travel and historical volumes.

ZCMI Auditorium—Second Floor

Prepare Now For Winter

Ask your dealer for

Blue Blaze Coal

It's
ECONOMICAL AND DEPENDABLE

•

Blue Blaze Coal Co.

1102 Walker Bank Bldg.

Salt Lake City, Utah

BULBS SEEDS

For Fall Planting

Our stock includes the choicest varieties of Tulips, Daffodils, Crocus, Hyacinths, Peonies, Phlox, Lilies, etc.

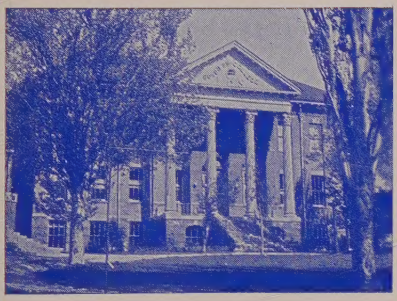
Lawn and Field Seeds For Fall Planting

Ask for Free Catalog Giving Full Details

Porter-Walton Co.

Salt Lake City, Utah

L. D. S. Training Pays



When the School Bells Ring This Fall—

Will you have to stand aside and see your former classmates go on without you?

You can keep pace with them!

The booklet, "Planning Your Future," will tell you how. May we send you a copy?

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main Salt Lake City

Wasatch 1812

Please send me the booklet, "Planning Your Future."

Name: .....

Address: .....

To Every Bride—

All the details of apparel, stationery, etc., in her great adventure are of the utmost importance.

Correctness and smartness are our watchwords in Wedding Stationery.

See our smart new line.

Prices **$7.00**

And up for 100 Wedding Invitations or Announcements.

The Deseret News Press

29 Richards St.

Salt Lake City

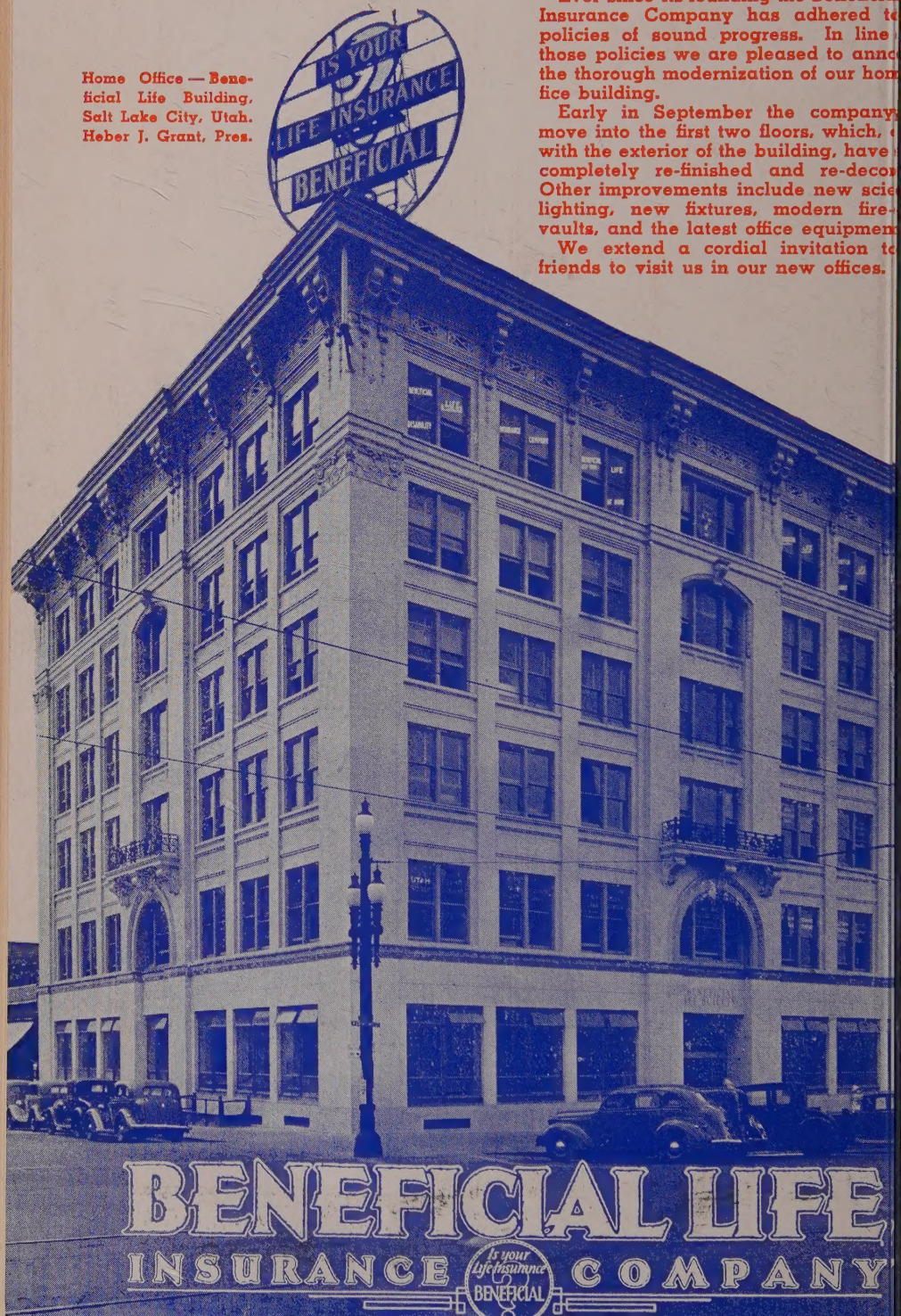
We Maintain Progres

Ever since its founding the Beneficia Insurance Company has adhered t policies of sound progress. In line those policies we are pleased to annc the thorough modernization of our hom fice building.

Early in September the company move into the first two floors, which, with the exterior of the building, have completely re-finished and re-deco Other improvements include new scie lighting, new fixtures, modern fire- vaults, and the latest office equipmen

We extend a cordial invitation t friends to visit us in our new offices.

Home Office — Beneficial Life Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Heber J. Grant, Pres.



BENEFICIAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Is your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL